Hymns

A

COLLECTION

OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS:

FOR THE USE OF

SERIOUS AND DEVOUT CHRISTIA

OF EVERY

DENOMINATION.

A NEW EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

1 JOHN v. 11.

This is the Record, that GOD *hath given to us eternal Life, and this Life is in his Son.*

JOHN viii. 36.

If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.

PSALM xxix. 2.

Worship the LORD *in the Beauty of Holiness.*

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A COLLECTION OF PSALMS and HYMNS.

HYMN I. Intitation.

COME, ye ſinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, ſick and ſore,
Jesus ready ſtands to ſave you,
Full of pity, love and pow'r,
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conſcience make you linger,
Nor of fitneſs fondly dream;
All the fitneſs he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo your Maker proſtrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finiſh'd."
Sinner, will not this ſuffice?

5 Lo! th' incarnate God aſcended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other truſt intrude.
None but Jesus
Can do helpleſs ſinners good.

6 Saints and angels join'd in concert
Sing the praiſes of the Lamb,
While the bliſsful ſeats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his Name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the ſame.

HYMN II.

1 SINNERS, obey the gospel-word,
Haſte to the Supper of your Lord;
Be wiſe to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiſs his late returning Son;
Ready the loving Saviour ſtands,
And ſpreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Juſt now the ſtony heart to move;
To apply, and witneſs with the blood,
And waſh, and ſeal you, ſons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your bleſt eſtate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praiſe
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 Come then, ye ſinners, to your LORD;
To happineſs in CHRIST reſtor'd;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
And taſte the fulneſs of his grace.

HYMN III.

WEARY SOULS INVITED TO REST. *Mat.* xi. 2. 8.

1 COME, weary ſoul, with ſins diſtreſt,
The Saviour offers heav'nly reſt;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And caſt your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppreſs'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and ſpread your woes abroad;
Divine compaſſion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundleſs ocean flows,
To cleanſe your guilt, and heal your woes,
Pardon and life, and endleſs peace—
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4 LORD, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bleſs the kind inviting voice.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy pow'rful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
And ſweetly influence ev'ry breaſt,
And guide us to eternal reſt.

HYMN IV.

THE SAVIOUR'S INVITATION. *John* vii. 37.

1 THE SAVIOUR calls,—let ev'ry ear
Attend the heav'nly ſound;
Ye doubting ſouls, diſmiſs your fear,
Hope ſmiles reviving round.

2 For ev'ry thirſty, longing heart,
Here ſtreams of bounty flow,
And life and health, and bliſs impart,
To baniſh mortal woe.

3 Here ſprings of ſacred pleaſure riſe,
To eaſe your ev'ry pain,
(Immortal fountain! full ſupplies!)
Nor ſhall you thirſt in vain.

4 Ye ſinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heav'nly joys,
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear SAVIOUR, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let ſinners fly,
And take the bliſs thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

HYMN V.

1 YE weary wanderers draw near,
That know no ſolid peace or reſt,
Lay by each doubt and anxious fear,
And lean upon your Saviour's breaſt:
All's ſtolen fruit that can be found
To cheer the ſoul on nature's ground.

2 Come, for the goſpel bids you come:
JESUS for ſinners bled and dy'd;
The ſacred word reports there's room,
The Lamb he woos you for his bride;
Your ſouls ſhall find a reſting-place
In th' arms of everlaſting grace.

3 The day of ſmall things don't deſpiſe;
By poverty increaſe your ſtore;
The happy ſoul that's truly wiſe,
Can richer grow by being poor:
To melt in love, to ſink in ſhame,
This be my wiſh, be that my flame.

4 Give me a ſympathizing ſoul,
To bear thy ſuff'rings on my heart,
Thy pain and agonizing toil,
Nor let me from this viſion part;
Then ſhall I heartily rejoice,
And raiſe to thee my grateful voice.

5 All earthly objects now give way,
Nature and creature both reſign;
On thee by faith myſelf I'll ſtay,
And taſte the pow'r of love divine;
Redemption in thy blood is found,
My anchor's caſt on ſacred ground.

HYMN VI.

At the opening of Worship.

1 NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Deſcending from above,
His waiting family inſpire
With joy, and peace, and love!

2 Thee we the Comforter confeſs;
Unleſs thou'rt preſent here,
Our ſongs of praiſe are vain addreſs,
We utter heartleſs pray'r.

3 'Wake, heav'nly Wind, ariſe, and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
Our ſpices then ſhall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incenſe yield.

4 Touch with a living coal the lip
That ſhall proclaim thy word;
And bid each awful hearer keep
Attention to the LORD.

5 Haſten the reſtitution-day,
Which now corruption ſhrouds,
New heav'ns and new earth diſplay,
With JESUS in the clouds.

HYMN VII.

1 ONCE more we come before our God,
Once more his bleſſing aſk;
O may not duty ſeem a load,
Nor worſhip prove a taſk!

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit ſend
From heav'n in JESU's name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our ſouls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honeſt heart;
Hoard up the precious treaſure there,
And never with it part.

4 To ſeek thee all our hearts diſpoſe;
To each thy bleſſing ſuit;
And let the ſeed thy ſervant ſows
Produce a plenteous fruit.

5 Bid the refreſhing north-wind 'wake;
Say to the South-wind, blow;
Let ev'ry plant the pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow.

6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly ſhow'rs,
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

HYMN VIII.

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow:
O! do not our ſuit diſdain,
Shall we ſeek thee, LORD, in vain?

2 LORD, on thee our ſouls depend,
In compaſſion now deſcend:
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to ſing thy praiſe.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we ſeek thee, here we ſtay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a bleſſing thou beſtow.

4 Send ſome meſſage from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full ſalvation to each heart.

5 Comfort thoſe who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Thoſe that are caſt down, lift up;
Make them ſtrong in faith and hope!

6 Grant that all may ſeek, and find
Thee a gracious God and kind;
Heal the ſick, the captive free:
Let us all rejoice in thee!

HYMN IX.

1 COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to ſing,
Help us to praiſe!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, ariſe,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thine almighty aid
Our ſure defence be made,
Our ſouls on thee be ſtay'd:
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our pray'r attend!
Come! and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness
On us descend!

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour!
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r!

5 To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be,
Hence — evermore!
His sov'reign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

HYMN X.

Reading or hearing the Scriptures.

1 O God of wisdom, God of might,
Great ruler in the realms of light;
Whose truths are hid from prudent eyes,
But make the babe and suckling wise;
Help thy unknowing servants, Lord,
To hear, and understand thy word.

2 Reveal thy scriptures to our mind;
Here let us heav'nly treasure find;
Do thou those sacred leaves unfold;
Let us thy richest grace behold:
O let thy Spirit lead us forth,
And teach us all its endless worth.

3 Direct us, leſt we judge amiſs,
Let error cloud the hidden bliſs;
Th' ingrafted word may we receive,
And back to thee the glory give:
O make us know, O make us hear
The glorious tidings treaſur'd there.

HYMN XI.

The Light and Glory of the Word.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to ſight;
Precepts and promiſes afford
A ſanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the ſacred page,
Majeſtic like the ſun;
It gives a light to ev'ry age,
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it, ſtill ſupplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations riſe,
They riſe, but never ſet.

4 Let everlaſting thanks be thine!
For ſuch a bright diſplay,
As makes a world of darkneſs ſhine
With beams of heav'nly day.

5 My ſoul rejoices to purſue
The ſteps of him I love;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

HYMN XII.

The Word more precious than Gold.

1 PRECIOUS Bible! what a treaſure
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleaſure,
Food and Med'cine, Shield and Sword:
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Tho' it fills, it never cloys:
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed!

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials, to revive me quickly,
Healing Med'cines here I find:
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty Shield:
While the scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's Sword;
Then with ease I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the word:
'Tis a sword from conquest made,
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

6 Shall I envy then the miser
Dosting on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be, wiser,
I am Rich, 'tis he is poor:
Jesus gives me in his word,
Food and Med'cine, Shield and Sword.

HYMN XIII.

The excellence of the Scriptures.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repaſt;
Sublimer ſweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taſte.

3 Here ſprings of conſolation riſe,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirſty ſouls receive ſupplies,
And ſweet refreſhment find.

4 When guilt and terror, pain and grief,
United rend the heart;
Here ſinners meet divine relief,
And cool the raging ſmart.

5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life, and everlaſting joys
Attend the bliſsful ſound.

6 O may theſe heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And ſtill new beauties may I ſee,
And ſtill increaſing light.

7 Divine inſtructor, gracious LORD!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy ſacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

****

HYMN XIV. UNFRUITFULNESS.

1 LONG have we ſat beneath the ſound
Of thy ſalvation, LORD;
But ſtill how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft we frequent thy holy place,
Yet hear almoſt in vain;
How ſmall a portion of thy grace
Do our falſe hearts retain!

3 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 Great God, thy sovereign aid impart
To give thy word success:
Write thy salvation on our heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

5 Shew our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

HYMN XV. Before speaking.

1 GLORY to God, who gave the word,
And bid the preachers cry;
Who caus'd his will to be proclaim'd,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 Lord, ever give us of this bread,
And grant us ears to hear;
Hearts to receive the heav'nly seed,
And bring forth fruit with fear.

3 O may thy word direct our path,
And guide our falt'ring feet;
Direct us in the living way,
And to thy mercy seat!

4 Fountain of everlasting life,
Of bliss, and truth, and good;
Give us (that we may never thirst)
To drink of Jesu's blood.

5 Fill every hungary soul, who cries,
From thine exhaustless store;
And let no one go empty hence,
But taste, and pray for more.

6 Let all thy children, Lord, be fed
With the eternal Word;
Be wise, and stronger grow thereby,
Increasing in the Lord.

HYMN XVI.

1 WITH heart and lips unfeign'd,
We praiſe thee for thy word;
We bleſs thee for the joyful news
Of our redeeming Lord.

2 Like as the kindly rain
Returns not back to heav'n,
But cheers, and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 'twas giv'n:

3 So let thy preſent voice
Accompliſh thy deſign;
Diſtil on all our thirſty ſouls,
And conſecrate us thine.

4 Water thy ſacred ſeed,
And give it great increaſe;
Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Hinder the fruits of peace.

5 Then tho' we weeping ſow,
And tears our hours employ;
We know we ſhall return again,
And bring our ſheaves with joy.

6 Our lives now hid with CHRIST,
With him ſhall ſoon appear;
And we array'd in all his light,
Shall meet him in the air.

HYMN XVII.

DESIRING THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

1 WE are a garden wall'd around,
Choſen and made peculiar ground;
A little ſpot incloſ'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderneſs.

2 Like trees of myrrh and ſpice we ſtand,
Planted by GOD the Father's hand;
And all his ſprings in Zion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, deſcend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our beſt ſpices flow abroad,
To entertain our SAVIOUR-GOD;
And faith and love and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

HYMN XVIII. *Malachi* iv. 2.

1 O Sun of righteouſneſs, ariſe,
With healing in thy wings;
To my diſeas'd, my fainting ſoul,
Thy free ſalvation bring.

2 All clouds of pride and ſin diſpel
By thine all-piercing beam;
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind, by thy all-quick'ning pow'r,
From vile deſires ſet free,
Unite my ſcatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

4 Father, thy long-loſt child receive;
Saviour, thy purchaſe own;
Bleſt Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy waiting creature crown.

HYMN XIX. Panting after God.

1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows;
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there:
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in thee.

3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but CHRIST in me may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Let not one darling lust survive:
In all things may I nothing see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy love, thy God, thy all!"
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

HYMN XX. *Isaiah* ix. 2.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come! and by thy love's revealing
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heav'n and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise!
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Ev'ry poor benighted heart.
Come, and manifest the favour
God hath for our ransom'd race;
Come, thou universal Saviour,
Come, and bring thy gospel-grace.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins!
By thine all-restoring merit
Ev'ry burden'd soul release;
Ev'ry weary, wand'ring spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

HYMN XXI. *Zechariæ* xiii. 1.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from God's sacred word;
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.

3 O may we hear th' Almighty call,
And run to this relief;
We wou'd believe thy promise, Lord;
O help our unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Teach us, O Lord! to fly:
There may we wash our spotted souls,
From crimes of deepest dye!

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King!
Our reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
And form our souls anew.

6 Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless worms,
On thy kind arm we fall;
Be thou our strength and righteousness,
Our JESUS and our all.

HYMN XXII. *Isa.* xl. 29.

1 SON of GOD, thy blessing grant;
Still supply my ev'ry want;
Tree of life! thine influence shed,
With thy sap my spirit feed.

2 Tend'rest branch, alas! am I;
Wither without thee, and die;
Weak as helpless infancy,
O confirm my soul in thee!

3 Unsustain'd by thee, I fall;
Send the strength for which I call;
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I ev'ry moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend,
Love me, save me to the end!
Give me the continuing grace;
Take the everlasting praise!

HYMN XXIII. MIRACLES APPLIED.

1 O LORD! to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eye behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

2 Lothesome, and foul, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

3 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands;
Open, O Lord! mine ear;
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,
And lift them up in pray'r.

4 Silent, (alas! thou know'st how long!)
My voice I cannot raise;
But O! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

5 Lame, at the pool I still am found,
Give, and my strength employ;
Light as an hart I then shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.

6 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within;
The love of God I cannot see,
Nor sinfulness of sin.

7 But thou, they say, art passing by,
O let me find thee near!
"Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
"Thou Son of David, hear!"

8 Long have I waited in the way
For thee, the heav'nly Light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
"Sinner, receive thy sight."

HYMN XXIV. For a clean Heart.

1 O For an heart to love my God!
An heart from sin set free!
An heart that always feels the blood
So freely shed for me!

2 An heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only CHRIST is heard to speak,
Where JESUS reigns alone.

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 An heart in every thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, LORD, of thine.

5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe;
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lamb!
That I thy love may know.

6 Thy holy nature, LORD! impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love.

HYMN XXV. LONGING AFTER GOD.

1 GReat GOD! indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my joy, my hope, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Be thou my Father, and my GOD!
And make me thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As trav'lers do in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 O may thy love inſpire my tongue,
Salvation ſhall be all my ſong;
And all my pow'rs ſhall join to bleſs
The LORD my ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

HYMN XXVI. The poor Sinner.

1 GOD of my ſalvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy bleſſing to receive:
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee;
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

2 Nothing have I, LORD to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty ſend me not away,
For I, thou know'ſt, am poor;
Duſt and aſhes is my name,
My all is ſin and miſery:
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

3 Without money, without price,
I come thy love to buy;
From myſelf I turn my eyes,
The chief of ſinners, I:
Take, O take me, as I am,
And let me loſe myſelf in thee;
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

HYMN XXVII.

1 JESU, friend of ſinners, hear,
Yet once again, I pray;
From my debt of ſin ſet clear,
For I have nought to pay.

Speak, O ſpeak the kind releaſe;
A poor backſliding ſoul reſtore;
Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

2 Sin's deceitfulneſs hath ſpread
An hardneſs o'er my heart;
But if thou thy Spirit ſhed,
The ſtony ſhall depart:
Shed thy love, thy tenderneſs,
And let me feel thy ſoft'ning pow'r;
Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

3 For this only thing I pray,
And this will I require,
Take the pow'r of ſin away,
Take ev'ry vain deſire:
Perfect me in holineſs,
Thine image to my ſoul reſtore;
Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

HYMN XXVIII

1 GROUND, O ground me on the Lamb,
Other Saviours I diſclaim;
Fix my heart on thee to ſtay,
Do it, LORD, without delay.

2 Empty is created good,
I want more ſubſtantial food;
All is vanity beſide
JESUS, and him crucified.

3 Fruitleſs is my ſearch to find
True ſerenity of mind,
Till I have with JESUS been,
And his glorious face have ſeen.

4 Saviour, to my heart be near,
Exercise the Shepherd's care;
Guard my weakness by thy grace,
Let me feel a constant peace.

5 While I travel here beneath,
Thy kind influence on me breathe;
Reconcil'd to me appear,
And thy righteousness bring near.

HYMN XXIX. Absence from God.

1 O Thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From Sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See! low before thy throne of grace
A wretched wand'rer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, Return?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray,
Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

6 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy;
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy.

HYMN XXX.

1 DEAR Lord, attend my pray'r,
And all my wants relieve;
Come to my heart, and dwell thou there,
That thou in me may'st live.

2 In weakness I draw nigh
Unto the throne of grace:
Answer the sinner's mournful cry,
And fill me with thy peace.

3 Thou read'st my naked breast;
For liberty I groan;
I sigh in thee, my Lord, to rest,
And worship thee alone.

4 Fain would I hate my sin,
And ponder on thy love;
Till all be sanctify'd within,
And my whole heart's above.

5 If trials vex my mind,
Close to thy wounds I'll flee;
No refuge may I elsewhere find
No refuge but in thee.

6 To thee I recommend
My poor and trembling soul;
On thee for future grace depend,
Who art my all in all.

HYMN XXXI.

Meekness and humility.

1 LORD, if thou the grace impart,
Poor in ſpirit, meek in heart,
I ſhall as my Maſter be,
Rooted in humility.

2 From the time that thee I know,
Nothing would I ſeek below;
Aim at nothing great or high,
Lowly both in heart and eye.

3 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child;
Pleas'd with all the LORD provides,
Wean'd from all the world beſides.

4 Father, fix my ſoul on thee;
Ev'ry evil let me flee;
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.

5 O! that all may ſeek, and find
Every good in JESUS join'd!
Him let Iſrael ſtill adore,
Truſt him, praiſe him evermore.

HYMN XXXII. *Pſalm* v.

1 ON thee, O GOD of purity,
I wait for hallowing grace;
None without holineſs ſhall ſee
The glories of thy face:
In ſouls unholy, and unclean,
Thou never canſt delight;
Nor ſhall they, while unſav'd from ſin,
Appear before thy ſight.

2 But as for me, with humble fear,
I will approach thy gate;
Though moſt unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait:
I truſt in thine unbounded grace,
To all ſo freely given;
And worſhip t'ward thy holy place,
And lift my ſoul to heav'n.

3 Lead me in all thy righteous ways,
Nor ſuffer me to ſlide;
Point out the path before my face;
My GOD, be thou my guide!
O may I ne'er to evil yield,
Defended from above,
And kept, and cover'd with the ſhield
Of thine Almighty love.

HYMN XXXIII.

BREATHING AFTER HOLINESS.

1 O That the LORD wou'd guide my ways,
To keep his ſtatutes ſtill!
O that my GOD would give me grace,
To know and do his will!

2 LORD, ſend thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act a liar's part.

3 From vanity, LORD, turn mine eyes;
Let no corrupt deſign,
No covetous deſires ariſe
Within this ſoul of mine.

4 Order my footſteps by thy word,
And make my heart ſincere;
Let ſin have no dominion, LORD,
But keep my conſcience clear.

5 My ſoul hath gone too far aſtray,
My feet too often ſlip;
I would not, LORD, forget thy way;
Bring back thy wand'ring ſheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, my heart, or hands,
Offend againſt my GOD.

HYMN XXXIV. *Luke* x. 39.

1 THE one thing needful, that good part,
Which Mary choſe with all her heart,
I wou'd purſue with heart and mind,
And ſeek unweary'd till I find.

2 But, O! I'm blind and ignorant;
The Spirit of the LORD I want
To guide me in the narrow road,
That leads to happineſs and GOD.

3 O LORD my GOD, to thee I pray;
Teach me to know, and find the way,
How I may have my ſins forgiv'n,
And ſafe, and ſurely get to heav'n.

4 My mind enlighten with thy light,
That I may underſtand aright
The glorious goſpel-myſtery,
Which ſhews the way to heav'n and thee.

5 Hidden in CHRIST the treaſure lies,
That goodly pearl of ſo great price;
No other way but CHRIST there is
To endleſs happineſs and bliſs.

6 O JESUS CHRIST, my LORD and GOD,
Who haſt redeem'd me by thy blood;
Unite my heart ſo faſt to thee,
That we may never parted be.

HYMN XXXV. A SINNER'S PRAYER.

1 WHEN, gracious LORD, when ſhall it be,
That I ſhall find my all in thee;
The fulneſs of thy promiſe prove,
The ſeal of thine eternal love?

2 Thee, only thee, I fain wou'd find,
And caſt the world and fleſh behind;
An helpleſs ſoul, I come to thee,
With only ſin and miſery.

3 LORD, I am ſick, my ſickneſs cure;
I want, do thou enrich the poor:
Under thy mighty hand I ſtoop,
O lift the abject ſinner up.

4 LORD, I am blind, be thou my ſight;
LORD, I am weak, be thou my might;
An helper of the helpleſs be,
And let me find my ALL in thee.

HYMN XXXVI.

1 O My Lord, what muſt I do?
Only thou the way canſt ſhew;
Thou canſt ſave me in this hour,
And canſt give me will and pow'r:
God, if over all thou art,
Greater than the ſinful heart,
Let it how on me be ſhewn,
Take away the heart of ſtone.

2 Take away my darling ſin,
Make me willing to be clean;
Make me willing to receive
What thy goodneſs waits to give:
Teach me, Lord, with all to part,
Tear all idols from my heart,
Let thy pow'r on me be ſhewn,
Take away the heart of ſtone.

3 Jesu, mighty to renew,
Work in me to will and do;
Turn my nature's rapid tide,
Stem the torrent of my pride,
Stop the whirlwind of my will,
Bid corruptions, Lord, be still;
Now thy love Almighty shew,
Make e'en me a creature new.

4 Arm of God, thy strength put on,
Bow the heavens, and come down;
All mine unbelief o'erthrow,
Lay th' aspiring mountain low;
Conquer thy worst foe in me,
Get thyself the victory;
Save the vilest of the race;
O may I be sav'd by grace.

HYMN XXXVII. An humble hope.

1 O What shall I do my Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace;
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest believer that hangs upon him?

2 How happy the man whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name;
They shall as their right thy righteousness claim;
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.

4 For thou art their boast, their glory and pow'r;
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation, that lifts up my head.

5 Yes, LORD, I ſhall ſee the bliſs of thine own ſaints
Thy mercy to me ſhall ſoon be made known;
For ſorrow and ſadneſs, I joy ſhall receive,
And ſhare in the gladneſs of all that believe.

HYMN XXXVIII. HUMILIATION.

1 SHEW pity, LORD, O LORD forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a ſinner truſt in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't ſurpaſs
The pow'r and glory of thy grace;
Great GOD, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O waſh my ſoul from ev'ry ſin,
And make my guilty conſcience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And paſt offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with ſhame my ſins confeſs,
Againſt thy law, againſt thy grace;
LORD, ſhould thy judgment grow ſevere,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Yet ſave a trembling ſinner, LORD,
Whoſe hope, ſtill hov'ring round thy word,
Wou'd light on ſome ſweet promiſe there,
Some ſure ſupport againſt deſpair.

HYMN XXXIX. *Pſalm* li.

1 O Thou that hear'ſt when ſinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie;
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thy saving grace, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

3 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
Its help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy awful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save a soul condemn'd to die.

5 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

HYMN XL.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy, and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.

3 Great God! create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes, to spy
My danger and my remedy.

4 Behold, I fall before thy face,
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No other thing can cleanse me so.

6 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh, nor soul hath rest or ease,
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

HYMN XLI.

1 LORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!

2 I from the stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.

3 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juster prey for death.

4 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love;
O make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my sins remove.

5 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

6 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

HYMN XLII. For seriousness.

1 THOU God of glorious majesty!
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth I cry:
An half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure—insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heav'nly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar,
And tell me, LORD, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom!

5 Be this my great one business here,
With serious industry and fear,
My future bliss t' ensure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from the vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

HYMN XLIII.

THE BURDEN'D SINNER.

1 AH! what can I do, or how be secure,
If justice pursue, what heart can endure?
When God speaks in thunder, and makes himself known,
The heart breaks asunder, tho' harder than stone?

2 With terror I read my ſins heavy ſcore,
Their number exceeds the ſands on the ſhore,
Guilt makes me unable to ſtand or to flee;
So Cain murder'd Abel, and trembled like me.

3 Each ſin, like his blood, with terrible cry
Calls loud upon GOD, to ſtrike from on high.
Nor can my repentance, extorted by fear,
Reverſe the juſt ſentence, 'tis juſt, tho' ſevere.

4 The caſe is too plain, I have my own choice,
Again and again, I ſlighted his voice.
His warnings neglected, his patience abus'd,
His goſpel rejected, his mercy refus'd.

5 And muſt I then go for ever to dwell
In mis'ry and wo with devils in hell!
O where is the Saviour I ſcorn'd in time paſt!
His word in my favour would ſave me at laſt.

6 LORD JESUS! on thee I venture to call,
O look upon me the vileſt of all:
For whom didſt thou languiſh and bleed on the tree?
O pity my anguiſh, and ſay, "'twas for thee."

7 A caſe ſuch as mine will honour thy pow'r,
All hell will repine, all heav'n will adore.
If in condemnation ſtrict juſtice takes place,
It ſhines in ſalvation, more glorious thro' grace.

HYMN XLIV. BEHOLD I AM VILE!

1 O LORD, how vile am I,
Unholy, and unclean!
How can I dare to venture nigh
With ſuch a load of ſin?

2 Is this polluted heart
A dwelling fit for thee?
Swarming, alas! in ev'ry part,
What evils do I see!

3 If I attempt to pray,
And lisp thy holy name;
My thoughts are hurry'd soon away,
I know not where I am.

4 If in thy word I look,
Such darkness fills my mind,
I only read a sealed book,
But no relief can find.

5 Thy gospel oft I hear,
But hear it still in vain;
Without desire, or love, or fear,
I like a stone remain.

6 Myself can hardly bear
This wretched heart of mine;
How hateful then must it appear
To those pure eyes of thine?

7 And must I then indeed
Sink in despair and die?
Fain would I hope that thou didst bleed
For such a wretch as I.

8 That blood which thou hast spilt,
That grace which is thine own;
Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,
And soften hearts of stone.

9 Low at thy feet I bow,
Oh pity and forgive;
Here will I lie and wait, till thou
Shalt bid me rise and live.

HYMN XLV. THE EFFORT.

1 CHEER up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat
Sprinkled with blood, where JESUS answers pray'r;
There humbly cast thyself, beneath his feet,
For never needy sinner perish'd there.

2 LORD, I am come! thy promise is my plea,
Without thy word I durst not venture nigh;
But thou hast call'd the burden'd soul to thee,
A weary burden'd soul, O LORD, am I!

3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin,
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,
Beset without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my refuge, LORD, my hiding-place,
I know no force can tear me from thy side;
Unmov'd I then may all accusers face,
And answer ev'ry charge, with, "JESUS dy'd."

5 Yes, thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan, and die,
Well hast thou known what fierce temptations mean;
Such was thy love, and now, enthron'd on high,
The same compassions in thy bosom reign.

6 LORD give me faith—he hears—what grace is this!
Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease to grieve:
He shews me what he did, and who he is,
I must, I will, I can, I do believe.

HYMN XLVI.

THE EFFORT—IN ANOTHER MEASURE.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where JESUS answers pray'r;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promiſe is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou calleſt burden'd ſouls to thee,
And ſuch, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of ſin,
By Satan ſorely preſt;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for reſt.

4 Be thou my ſhield and hiding-place!
That, ſhelter'd near thy ſide,
I may my fierce accuſer face,
And tell him, "Thou haſt dy'd."

5 Oh wond'rous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the croſs and ſhame;
That guilty ſinners, ſuch as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

6 "Poor tempeſt-toſſed ſoul, be ſtill,
My promis'd grace receive;"
'Tis Jesus ſpeaks—I muſt, I will,
I can, I do believe.

HYMN XLVII. Rest for weary souls.

1 DOES the goſpel-word proclaim
Reſt, for thoſe who weary be?*
Then, my ſoul, put in thy claim,
Sure that promiſe ſpeaks to thee:
Marks of grace I cannot ſhew,
All polluted is my beſt;
Yet I weary am I know,
And the weary long for reſt.

2 Burden'd with a load of ſin,
Harraſs'd with tormenting doubt,
Hourly conflicts from within,
Hourly croſſes from without:

* Matt. xi. 28.

All my little ſtrength is gone,
Sink I muſt without ſupply;
Sure upon the earth is none
Can more weary be than I.

3 In the ark, the weary dove *
Found a welcome reſting-place;
Thus my ſpirit longs to prove
Reſt in CHRIST, the ark of grace:
Tempeſt-toſs'd I long have been,
And the flood increaſes faſt;
Open, LORD, and take me in,
Till the ſtorm be overpaſt.

4 Safely lodg'd within thy breaſt,
What a wond'rous change I find!
Now I know thy promis'd reſt
Can compoſe a troubled mind:
You that weary are like me,
Hearken to the goſpel call;
To the ark for refuge flee,
JESUS will receive you all!

HYMN XLVIII. THE VOICE OF CHRIST.

1 THE voice of my Beloved ſounds
Over the rocks and riſing grounds;
O'er hills of guilt, and ſeas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

2 Now thro' the veil of fleſh I ſee,
With eyes of love he looks on me;
Now in the Goſpel's cleareſt glaſs,
He ſhews the beauties of his face.

3 Gently he draws my heart along
Both with his beauties and his tongue;
"Riſe, ſaith my LORD, and come away,
"No mortal joys are worth thy ſtay."

* Gen. viii. 9.

4 Lo! Glad I come; and thou, bleſt Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but ſin I thee can give,
Nothing but love ſhall I receive.

HYMN XLIX.

1 HARK! my ſoul, it is the LORD!
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
JESUS ſpeaks, and ſpeaks to thee,
Say, poor ſinner, lov'ſt thou me!

2 I deliver'd thee, when bound,
And when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, ſet thee right,
Turn'd thy darkneſs into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care
Ceaſe toward the child ſhe bare?
Yes, ſhe may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, ſtrong as death.

5 Thou ſhalt ſee my glory ſoon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne ſhalt be,
Say, poor ſinner, lov'ſt thou me?

6 LORD, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore,
O for grace to love thee more!

HYMN L. CHRIST PRECIOUS TO A BELIEVER.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis muſic to my ear;
Fain wou'd I ſound it out ſo loud
That earth and heav'n might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my ſoul,
My tranſport, and my truſt;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is ſordid duſt.

3 All my capacious pow'rs can wiſh,
In thee moſt richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light ſo dear,
Nor friendſhip half ſo ſweet.

4 O may thy grace ſtill cheer my heart!
And ſhed its fragrance there!
The nobleſt balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll ſpeak the honours of thy name
With my laſt lab'ring breath;
When ſpeechleſs, claſp thee in my arms;
My joy in life and death!

HYMN LI. Praise to Christ.

1 COME let us join our cheerful ſongs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
To be exalted thus;
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
For he was ſlain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the ſky,
And air, and earth, and ſeas;
Conſpire to lift thy glories high,
And ſpeak thine endleſs praiſe.

5 Let all creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred name
Of him, that ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN LII. The Name of Jesus.

1 HOW ſweet the name of Jesus ſounds
In a believer's ear!
It ſooths his ſorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded ſpirit whole,
And calms the troubled breaſt;
'Tis Manna to the hungry ſoul,
And to the weary reſt.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My ſhield and hiding place;
My never-failing treaſ'ry fill'd
With boundleſs ſtores of grace.

4 By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Altho' with ſin defil'd;
Satan accuſes me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

5 Jesus! my Shepherd, Huſband, Friend,
My Prophet, Prieſt, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praiſe I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmeſt thought;
But when I ſee thee as thou art,
I'll praiſe thee as I ought.

7 'Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the muſic of thy name
Refreſh my ſoul in death.

HYMN LIII. O LORD, I WILL PRAISE THEE.

1 I Will praiſe thee ev'ry day
Now thine anger's turn'd away!
Comfortable thoughts ariſe
From the bleeding ſacrifice.

2 Here in the fair goſpel field,
Wells of free ſalvation yield
Streams of life, a plenteous ſtore,
And my ſoul ſhall thirſt no more.

3 JESUS is become at length
My ſalvation and my ſtrength;
And his praiſes ſhall prolong,
While I live, my pleaſant ſong.

4 Praiſe ye, then, his glorious name,
Publiſh his exalted fame!
Still his worth your praiſe exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.

5 Raiſe again the joyful ſound,
Let the nations roll it round!
Zion ſhout, for this is he,
GOD the Saviour dwells in thee.

HYMN LIV. THE HAPPY CHANGE.

1 HOW bleſt thy creature is, O GOD,
When with a ſingle eye,
He views the luſtre of thy word,
The day-ſpring from on high!

2 Thro' all the ſtorms that veil the ſkies,
And frown on earthly things;
The Sun of righteouſneſs he eyes,
With healing on his wings.

3 Struck by that light, the human heart*
A barren ſoil no more;
Sends the ſweet ſmell of grace abroad,
Where ſerpents lurk'd before.

* Iſaiah xxxv. 7.

4 The ſoul, a dreary province once
Of Satan's dark domain;
Feels a new empire form'd within,
And owns a heav'nly reign.

5 The glorious orb, whoſe golden beams,
The fruitful year control;
Since firſt, obedient to thy word,
He ſtarted from the gaol;

6 Has cheer'd the nations, with the joys
His orient rays impart;
But JESUS, 'tis thy light alone,
Can ſhine upon the heart.

HYMN LV. CHRIST PRECIOUS TO THE BELIEVER.

1 LET earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind:
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bleſs the ſound of Jeſu's name.

2 JESUS! tranſporting ſound,
The joy of earth and heav'n,
No other help is found,
No other name is giv'n,
By which we can ſalvation have—
Our JESUS came the world to ſave.

3 JESUS! harmonious name!
It charms the hoſts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love!
'Tis all their happineſs to gaze,
'Tis heav'n to ſee our Jeſu's face.

4 His name the ſinner hears,
And is from ſin ſet free;
'Tis muſic in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New ſongs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

HYMN LVI. CHRIST OUR WISDOM.

1 HOW heavy is the night,
That hangs upon our eyes;
Till CHRIST with his reviving light,
Upon our ſouls ariſe!

2 Our guilty ſpirits dread
To meet the wrath of heav'n;
But in his righteouſneſs array'd,
We ſee our ſins forgiv'n.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure,
With ſanctifying grace.

4 The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our ſouls, in vain;
He ſets the ſons of bondage free,
And breaks the curſed chain.

5 LORD, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to GOD;
Thy ſov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

HYMN LVII.

CHRIST'S COMPASSION TO THE TEMPTED.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High prieſt above;
His heart is made of tenderneſs,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a ſympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what ſore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the ſame.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out strong cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoaking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address,
His mercy and his pow'r;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN LVIII. Questions to unbelief.

1 IF to Jesus for relief
My soul has fled by pray'r;
Why should I give way to grief,
Or heart-consuming care?
Are not all things in his hand?
Has he not his promise past?
Will he then regardless stand,
And let me sink at last?

2 While I know his providence
Disposes each event;
Shall I judge by feeble sense,
And yield to discontent?
If he worms and sparrows feed,
Cloath the grass in rich array;*
Can he see a child in need,
And turn his eye away?

3 When his name was quite unknown,
And sin my life employ'd;
Then he watch'd me as his own,
Or I had been destroy'd:

* Matt. vi. 26.—30.

Now his mercy-ſeat I know,
Now by grace am reconcil'd;
Would he ſpare me while a foe,*
To leave me when a child?

4 If he all my wants ſupply'd
When I diſdain'd to pray;
Now his Spirit is my guide,
How can he ſay me nay?
If he would not give me up,
When my ſoul againſt him fought;
Will he diſappoint the hope,
Which he himſelf has wrought?

5 If he ſhed his precious blood
To bring me to his fold;
Can I think that meaner good†
He ever will withhold?
Satan, vain is thy device!
Here my hope reſts well-aſſur'd,
In that great redemption-price,
I ſee the whole ſecur'd.

HYMN LIX. Jesus my all.

1 WHY ſhould I fear the darkeſt hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's pow'r?
Jesus vouchſafes to be my tow'r.

2 Tho' hot the fight; why quit the field?
Why muſt I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty ſhield?

3 When creature comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep; but why ſhould I?
Jesus ſtill lives, and ſtill is nigh.

4 Tho' all the flocks and herds were dead,
My ſoul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.

5 I know not what may ſoon betide,
Or how my wants ſhall be ſupply'd;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

* Rom. v. 10. † Rom. viii. 32.

6 Tho' ſin would fill me with diſtreſs,
The throne of grace I dare addreſs;
For JESUS is my righteouſneſs.

7 Tho' faint my pray'rs, and cold my love,
My ſtedfaſt hope ſhall not remove,
While JESUS intercedes above.

8 Againſt me earth and hell combine;
But on my ſide is pow'r divine;
JESUS is all, and he is mine.

HYMN LX. TEMPTATION.

1 THE billows ſwell the winds are high,
Clouds overcaſt my wintry ſky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my ſtrength is ſmall.

2 O LORD, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the ſtorm;
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Controll the waves, ſay, "Peace be ſtill."

3 Amidſt the roaring of the ſea,
My ſoul ſtill hangs her hope on thee;
Thy conſtant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that ſaves me from deſpair.

4 Dangers of ev'ry ſhape and name
Attend the follow'rs of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful ſhore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 Tho' tempeſt-toſs'd and half a wreck,
My Saviour thro' the floods I ſeek;
Let neither winds nor ſtormy main,
Force back my ſhatter'd bark again.

HYMN XLI. The STORM HUSHED.

1 'TIS paſt—the dreadful ſtormy night
Is gone with all its fears!
And now I ſee returning light,
The LORD, my Sun, appears.

2 The tempter, who but lately ſaid,
I ſoon ſhall be his prey;
Has heard my Saviour's voice and fled
With ſhame and grief away.

3 Ah! LORD, ſince thou didſt hide thy face,
What has my ſoul endur'd?
But now 'tis paſt, I feel thy grace,
And all my wounds are cur'd!

4 Oh wond'rous change! but juſt before
Deſpair beſet me round;
I heard the lion's horrid roar,
And trembled at the ſound.

5 Before corruption, guilt and fear,
My comforts blaſted fell;
And unbelief diſcover'd near
The dreadful depths of hell.

6 But JESUS pity'd my diſtreſs,
He heard my feeble cry;
Reveal'd his blood and righteouſneſs,
And brought ſalvation nigh.

7 Beneath the banner of his love,
I now ſecure remain;
The tempter frets, but dares not move
To break my peace again.

8 LORD, ſince thou thus haſt broke my bands,
And ſet the captive free;
I would devote my tongue, my hands,
My heart, my all to thee.

HYMN LXII. Light in Darkness.

1 MY God, the ſpring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brighteſt days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkeſt ſhades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun!
Thou art my ſoul's bright morning-ſtar,
And thou my riſing ſun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me ſhine
With beams of ſacred bliſs,
When Jesus ſhews his mercy's mine,
And whiſpers, I am his.

4 My ſoul cou'd leave this heavy clay,
At that tranſporting word;
Run up with joy the ſhining way,
To meet and praiſe my Lord.

5 Fearleſs of hell and ghaſtly death,
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Shall bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN LXIII. *Phil.* iv. 4.

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore;
Mortals give thanks, and ſing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I ſay, Rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our ſtains,
He took his ſeat above:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I ſay, Rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And ev'ry bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

HYMN LXIV. The Believer's request.

1 JESUS, the Saviour of my soul,
Be thou my heart's delight;
Remain the same to me always,
My joy by day and night.

2 Hungry and thirsty after thee
May I be found each hour;
Humble in heart, and happy kept,
By thy Almighty pow'r.

3 O may I never once forget
What a poor worm I am;
From death and hell redeem'd by blood,
The blood of God's dear Lamb.

4 May thy bleſt Spirit in my heart,
Sweetly diffuſe abroad
The love of GOD, th' incarnate GOD,
Who bought me with his blood.

5 In holy rev'rence I wou'd
With all my heart retain
Th' atonement made by JESU's blood,
And all his wounds and pain.

6 The myſt'ry of redeeming love
Be ever dear to me;
And may the fleſh and blood of CHRIST
My choiceſt dainty be.

HYMN LXV.

DESIRING ASSURANCE OF GOD'S FAVOUR.

1 ETERNAL ſource of joys divine,
To thee my ſoul aſpires:
O could I ſay, "The LORD is mine,"
'Tis all my ſoul deſires.

2 Thy ſmile can give me real joy,
Unmingled, and refin'd;
Subſtantial bliſs without alloy,
And laſting as the mind.

3 Thy ſmile can gild the ſhades of woe,
Bid ſtormy trouble ceaſe,
Spread the fair dawn of heav'n below,
And ſweeten pain to peace.

4 My hope, my truſt, my life, my LORD!
Aſſure me of thy love;
O ſpeak the kind tranſporting word,
And bid my fears remove.

5 Then ſhall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my GOD,
Till heav'nly rapture tunes my voice,
To ſpread thy praiſe abroad.

HYMN LXVI.

The new covenant sealed.

1 "THE promise of my Father's love
"Shall stand for ever good:"
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.

2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word,
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 The light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my pow'rs are thine.

4 I call that legacy mine own,
Which Jesus did bequeath,
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.

5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name,
Who bless'd us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

HYMN LXVII. *Eph.* ii. 13.

1 OF him who did salvation bring,
I cou'd for ever think and sing!
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive;
Arise, ye poor, he will relieve.

2 Eternal Lord, Almighty King!
All heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring.
Thou conquer'st all, beneath, above,
Devils with force, and men with love!

3 Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heav'n;
Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesu, thy balm can make it whole.

4 Guide thou, O LORD, guide thou my courſe,
And draw me on with thy ſweet force;
Still make me walk, ſtill make me tend,
Be thee my way, to GOD my end.

HYMN LXVIII. To JESUS CHRIST.

1 O Thou in whom the Gentiles truſt,
Thou only holy, only juſt;
O tune our ſouls to praiſe thy name,
JESUS! unchangeable, the ſame!

2 If angels, whilſt to thee they ſing,
Wrap up their faces in their wing;
How ſhall we ſinful duſt draw nigh,
Thy great and awful Majeſty?

3 Glory to thee auſpicious Lamb!
Thou holy LORD, thou great I AM!
With all our pow'r thy grace we bleſs;
Our joy, our peace, our righteouſneſs!

4 Live, ever-glorious JESUS! live,
Worthy all bleſſings to receive!
Worthy on high enthron'd to ſit,
With ev'ry pow'r beneath thy feet!

5 Bleſſings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curſe for ſinful man;
Let angels ſound the ſacred name,
And ev'ry creature ſay AMEN.

HYMN LXIX.

1 HAIL, thou once deſpiſed JESUS!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Who didſt ſuffer to releaſe us,
Who didſt free ſalvation bring!
Hail, thou univerſal Saviour,
Who haſt borne our ſin and ſhame.
By whoſe merits we find favour,
Life is given thro' thy name?

2 Paſcal Lamb by God appointed,
All our ſins were on thee laid!
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou haſt full atonement made;
Ev'ry ſin may be forgiv'n,
Thro' the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heav'n,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heav'nly hoſts adore thee,
Seated at my Father's ſide.
There for ſinners thou art pleading,
Spare them yet another year;—
Thou for ſaints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.

4 Worſhip, honour, pow'r and bleſſing,
Christ is worthy to receive—
Loudeſt praiſes without ceaſing,
Meet it is for us to give!
Help ye bright angelic ſpirits,
Bring your ſweeteſt, nobleſt lays,
Help to ſing Christ Jesu's merits,
Help to chaunt Immanuel's praiſe.

HYMN LXX.

1 COME, let us all unite to praiſe
The Saviour of mankind,
Our thankful hearts in ſolemn lays
Be with our voices join'd.

2 But how ſhall duſt his worth declare,
When angels try in vain;
Their faces veil when they appear
Before the ſon of man.

3 O Lord, we cannot ſilent be,
By love we are conſtrain'd
To offer our beſt thanks to thee—
Our Saviour, and our friend.

4 Tho' feeble are our best essays,
Thy love will not despise
Our grateful songs of humble praise,
Our well-meant sacrifice.

5 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness show,
And spread abroad thy fame;
Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,
And bless thy sacred name!

6 Worship and honour, thanks and love,
Be to our Jesus giv'n!
By men below,—by hosts above,—
By all in earth and heav'n!

HYMN LXXI. Redeeming love.

1 NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name;
Ye, who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin;
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop—and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome, all by sin oppress,
Welcome all to Jesus Christ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

7 Hither then your muſic bring,
Strike aloud each joyful ſtring;
Mortals join the hoſts above,
Join to praiſe redeeming love.

HYMN LXXII. The Lord send peace.

1 JESUS, whoſe blood ſo freely ſtream'd
To ſatisfy the law's demand;
By thee from guilt and wrath redeem'd,
Before the Father's face I ſtand.

2 To reconcile offending man,
Make Juſtice drop her angry rod;
What creature could have form'd the plan,
Or who fulfil it but a God?

3 No drop remains of all the curſe,
For wretches who deſerv'd the whole;
No arrows dipt in wrath to pierce
The guilty, but returning ſoul.

4 Peace by ſuch means ſo dearly bought,
What rebel could have hop'd to ſee?
Peace, by his injur'd ſov'reign wrought,
His Sov'reign faſt'ned to the tree.

5 Now, Lord, thy feeble worm prepare!
For ſtrife with earth and hell begins;
Confirm and gird me for the war,
They hate the ſoul that hates his ſins.

6 Let them in horrid league agree!
They may aſſault, they may diſtreſs;
But cannot quench thy love to me,
Nor rob me of the Lord my peace.

HYMN LXXIII.

Is this thy kindness to thy friend.

1 POOR, weak, and worthleſs tho' I am,
I have a rich Almighty friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.

2 He ranſom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his pow'r my foes controul'd;
He found me, wand'ring far from GOD,
And brought me to his chooſen fold.

3 He cheers my heart, my wants ſupplies,
And ſays that I ſhall ſhortly be
Enthron'd with him above the ſkies,
Oh! what a friend is CHRIST to me.

4 But ah! my inmoſt ſpirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may ſwim,
To think of my perverſe returns;
I've been a faithleſs friend to him.

5 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, diſtruſt, and diſobey,
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my Friend can ſay.

6 He bids me always freely come,
And promiſes whate'er I aſk:
But I am ſtraitned, cold and dumb,
And count my privilege a taſk.

7 Before the world that hates his courſe,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with ſhame;
Loth to forego the worlds applauſe,
I hardly dare avow his name.

8 Sure were not I moſt vile and baſe,
I could not thus my friend requite!
And were not he the GOD of grace,
He'd frown and ſpurn me from his ſight.

HYMN LXXIV.

NONE UPON EARTH I DESIRE BESIDES THEE.
Pſal. lxxiii. 25.

1 HOW tedious and taſteleſs the hours,
When JESUS no longer I ſee;
Sweet proſpects, ſweet birds, and ſweet flow'rs,
Have loſt all their ſweetneſs with me:

The mid-ſummer ſun ſhines but dim,
The fields ſtrive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleaſant as May.

2 His name yields the richeſt perfume,
And ſweeter than muſic his voice;
His preſence diſperſes my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I ſhould, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wiſh or to fear;
No mortal ſo happy as I,
My ſummer would laſt all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleaſure reſign'd;
No changes of ſeaſon or place,
Would make any change in my mind:
While bleſs'd with a ſenſe of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And priſons would palaces prove,
If JESUS would dwell with me there.

4 Dear LORD, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my ſun and my ſong;
Say, why do I languiſh and pine,
And why are my winters ſo long?
O drive theſe dark clouds from my ſky,
Thy ſoul-cheering preſence reſtore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN LXXV.

1 BY faith in CHRIST I walk with GOD,
With heav'n, my journey's-end, in view;
Supported by his ſtaff and rod *
My road is ſafe and pleaſant too.

2 I travel thro' a deſart wide,
Where many round me blindly ſtray †
But He vouchſafes to be my guide,
And will not let me miſs my way.

* Pſalm xxiii. 4. † Pſalm cvii. 7.

3 Tho' snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand;
I triumph over all by faith *
Guarded by his Almighty hand.

4 The wilderness affords no food,
But GOD for my support prepares;
Provides me ev'ry needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

5 With him sweet converse I maintain,
Great as he is I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.

6 Some cordial from his word he brings,
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints;
At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.

7 I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O LORD, to walk
With thee, my Guide, my Guard, my Friend.

HYMN LXXVI. A Prayer.

1 BE with me, LORD, where'er I go;
Learn me what thou wou'd'st have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think or say;
Direct me in the narrow way.

2 Prevent me, lest I harbour pride;
Lest I in my own strength confide;
Shew me my weakness, let me see
I have my pow'r, my all from thee.

3 Enrich me alway with thy love;
My kind protector ever prove;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.

* Psalm xxvii. 3, 4.

4 Assist, and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhor'st, that let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

5 O may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine fulfil;
Let all my time and all my ways,
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

HYMN LXXVII. *Psal.* xciii.

1 YE servants of GOD, your master proclaim;
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of JESUS extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 GOD ruleth on high, Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh, his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to JESUS our King.

3 Salvation to GOD, who sits on the throne;
Let all cry aloud, and honour the son:
Our JESUS's praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right;
All glory and pow'r, and wisdom and might:
All honour and blessing, with angels above;
And thanks never-ceasing, and infinite love.

HYMN LXXVIII. TE DEUM.

1 HOW can we address, or worthily praise
Thy goodness and pow'r, thou GOD of all grace!
With honour and blessing before thee we fall;
Most gladly confessing thee Father of all.

2 The heav'ns and earth, and water and air,
To thee owe their birth, subsist by thy care;
While angels are singing thy praises above,
We mortals are bringing our tribute of love.

3 Thou, Saviour, art one with GOD the supreme,
His eternal son, and equal with him:
Invested with glory, on high dost thou sit,
While angels adore thee, and bow at thy feet.

4 How great was thy love! How wond'rous thy grace!
Thou cam'st from above to save a lost race;
And man to deliver, of woman was born,
That every believer to GOD might return.

5 How soon will thy seat of judgment appear!
Prepare us to meet, and welcome thee there!
Thy witnessing Spirit in us shed abroad;
And bid us inherit the kingdom of GOD!

HYMN LXXIX. UNDER TEMPTATION.

1 JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raiſe the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the ſick, and lead the blind;
Juſt and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteouſneſs!
Vile, and full of ſin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my ſin:
Let the healing ſtreams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Riſe to all eternity!

HYMN LXXX.

TO THE AFFLICTED, TOSSED WITH TEMPESTS AND NOT COMFORTED.

1 PENSIVE, doubting, fearful heart,
Hear what CHRIST the Saviour ſays;
Ev'ry word ſhould joy impart,
Change thy mourning into praiſe:
Yes, he ſpeaks, and ſpeaks to thee,
May he help thee to believe!
Then thou preſently will ſee,
Thou haſt little cauſe to grieve.

2 Fear thou not, nor be aſham'd,
All thy ſorrows ſoon ſhall end:
I who heav'n and earth have fram'd,
Am thy huſband and thy friend;
I the High and Holy One,
Iſrael's GOD by all ador'd;
As thy Saviour will be known,
Thy Redeemer and thy LORD.

3 For a moment I withdrew,
And thy heart was fill'd with pain;
But my mercies I'll renew,
Thou shalt soon rejoice again:
Tho' I seem to hide my face,
Very soon my wrath shall cease;
'Tis but for a moment's space,
Ending in eternal peace.

HYMN LXXXI.

Christ our great Melchisedec.

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of thee;
No music like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be!
O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak!
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

2 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay:
When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng;
Then will we sing more sweet and loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

HYMN LXXXII.

Christ our Righteousness.

1 JESU, thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I riſe,
To claim my manſion in the ſkies;
E'en then ſhall this be all my plea,
"JESUS hath LIV'D, hath DY'D for me."

3 Bold ſhall I ſtand in that great day;
For who aught to my charge ſhall lay?
Fully thro' theſe abſolv'd I am
From ſin and fear, from guilt and ſhame.

4 Thus ABRAHAM the friend of GOD,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of ſinners thee proclaim;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

5 This ſpotleſs robe the ſame appears,
When ruin'd nature ſinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The grace of CHRIST is ever new.

6 O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy baniſh'd ones rejoice,
Their beauty this, their glorious dreſs,
JESUS THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

HYMN LXXXIII.

THE GREATNESS AND GOODNESS OF GOD.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majeſty;
His glory ſhines with beams ſo bright,
No mortal can ſuſtain the ſight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His juſtice guards his holy law;
His love reveals his ſmiling face;
His truth and promiſe ſeal the grace.

3 Thro' all his works his wiſdom ſhines,
And baffles Satan's deep deſigns;
His pow'r is ſov'reign to fulfil
The nobleſt counſels of his will.

4 And will JEHOVAH condeſcend
To be my Father and my Friend!
Then let my ſongs with Angels join;
Heav'n is ſecure, if GOD be mine.

HYMN LXXXIV.

1 O Heavenly King, look down from above;
Aſſiſt us to ſing thy mercy and love:
So ſweetly o'erflowing, ſo plenteous the ſtore,
Thou ſtill art beſtowing, and giving us more.

2 O GOD of our life, we hallow thy name;
Our buſ'neſs and ſtrife is thee to proclaim;
Accept our thankſgiving for creating grace;
The living, the living ſhall ſhew forth thy praiſe.

3 Our Father and LORD, almighty art thou;
Preſerv'd by thy word, we worſhip thee now:
The bountiful donor of all we enjoy;
Our tongues to thine honour, and lives we'll employ.

4 But O; above all thy kindneſs we praiſe,
From ſin and from thrall which ſaves a loſt race;
Thy Son thou haſt giv'n a world to redeem,
And bring us to heav'n, whoſe truſt is in him.

5 Wherefore of thy love we ſing and rejoice,
With angels above we lift up our voice;
Thy love each believer ſhall gladly adore,
For ever and ever, when time is no more.

HYMN LXXXV.

Desiring Perseverance.

1 HAIL, Alpha and Omega, hail!
Author of all our faith,
The finisher of all our hopes,
The truth, the life, the path.

2 Hail, first and last, the morning star,
In whom we live and move:
Increase our little spark of faith,
And purify our love.

3 O let us go from strength to strength,
From grace to greater grace,
From one degree of faith to more,
Till we behold thy face.

HYMN LXXXVI.

Striving to praise Christ.

1 LET us the sheep by Jesus nam'd,
Our Shepherd's mercy bless;
Let us, whom Jesus hath redeem'd,
Shew forth our thankfulness.

2 Not unto us, to thee alone,
Be praise and glory giv'n;
Here shall thy praises be begun,
But carry'd on in heav'n.

3 The hosts of spirits now with thee,
Eternal anthems sing;
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.

4 Had we our tongues like them inſpir'd,
Like theirs our ſongs ſhou'd riſe;
Like them we never ſhou'd be tir'd,
But love the ſacrifice.

5 Till we this veil of fleſh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when, O LORD, we reach thy throne,
We'll join in nobler praiſe.

HYMN LXXXVII.

PRIVILEGES OF GOD'S CHILDREN.

1 BLESSED are the ſons of GOD,
They are bought with CHRIST's own blood;
They are ranſom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they ſhall have:
GOD did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

2 They the ſeal of this receive,
When on JESUS they believe;
They are juſtify'd by grace,
They enjoy a ſolid peace:
All their ſins are waſh'd away,
They ſhall ſtand in GOD's great day:
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

3 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteouſneſs;
They are harmleſs, meek and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd:
They are lights upon the earth,
Children of an heav'nly birth:
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

4 Born of God, they hate all ſin,
God's pure ſeed remains within;
They have fellowſhip with God,
Thro' the mediator's blood:
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

5 Tho' they ſuffer much on earth,
Strangers quite to this world's mirth;
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleaſures that can never cloy;
They alone are truly bleſt,
Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

HYMN LXXXVIII.

1 O Come, thou wounded Lamb of God!
Come, waſh us in thy cleanſing blood;
Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is ſweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee;
Seal thou our breaſts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou ſhould'ſt man to glory bring!
Make ſlaves the part'ners of thy throne,
And give them an immortal crown!

4 Ah, Lord! enlarge our ſcanty thought,
To know the wonders thou haſt wrought;
Unlooſe our flamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immenſe, unſearchable.

5 First-born of many brethren, thou;
To thee both earth and heav'n mull bow;
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

HYMN LXXXIX.

1 DISCIPLES of Christ, ye friends of the Lamb;
Attend, and assist in singing his fame:
Eternal thanksgiving the faithful shou'd pay,
The living, the living, as we do this day.

2 A body of clay he humbly put on,
And then took away the sin we had done;
And in it endured the wrath to us due,
The curse we incurred, our stripes and our wo.

3 Not only he dy'd, but also arose;
Laid weakness aside, and trod on his foes,
(Sin, death and the devil), he triumphed o'er,
And every evil, dominion and pow'r.

4 O merciful Lamb, who sit'st on the throne,
We bow at thy name, we count thee alone
Deserving our blessing; and blessing we'll give,
Without ever ceasing, so long as we live.

HYMN XC. Rejoicing in hope.

1 MY Saviour, my almighty friend,
When I begin to praise;
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore!
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet ſhall travel all the length
Of the celeſtial road;
And march with courage in thy ſtrength,
To ſee the LORD my GOD.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My ſoul redeem'd from ſin and hell,
Shall thy ſalvation ſing.

5 My tongue ſhall all the day proclaim
My Saviour, and my GOD;
His death hath brought my foes to ſhame,
And drown'd them in his blood.

6 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs,
With this delightful ſong
I'll entertain the darkeſt hours,
Nor think the ſeaſon long.

HYMN XCI. TRUE FAITH.

1 O Love, thou bottomleſs abyſs!
My ſins are ſwallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteouſneſs,
From condemnation I am free;
Whilſt JESU's blood thro' earth and ſkies,
Mercy, free boundleſs mercy! cries.

2 With faith I plunge me in that ſea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my reſt;
Hither, when hell aſſaults, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breaſt.
Away, ſad doubts and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

3 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,
Tho' strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead,
Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn:
Stedfast on this my soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies!

4 Fixt on this ground wou'd I remain,
Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

HYMN XCII.

FOR THE SPIRIT OF ADOPTION.

1 FATHER, (if thou my Father art)
Send forth the Spirit of thy Son;
Breathe him into my panting heart,
And make me know as I am known:
Make me thy conscious child, that I
May Father, *Abba*, Father, cry!

2 O that the Comforter wou'd come,
Nor visit as a transient guest;
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
And make my soul his lov'd abode,
The temple of th' in-dwelling God!

3 Come, holy Ghost, my soul inspire,
Attest that I am born again;
Come and baptize me, Lord, with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain:
O grant the sense of sin forgiv'n,
O grant the earnest of my heav'n.

4 O give th' indiſputable ſeal,
That aſcertains the kingdom mine!
That pow'rful ſtamp I long to feel,
The ſignature of love divine:
O ſhed it in my heart abroad,
Fulneſs of love, of heav'n, of GOD!

HYMN XCIII.

A PRAYER FOR GRACE.

1 AH! Lord, how faithleſs is my heart,
How very apt from thee to ſtray!
Juſt like a broken bow I ſtart,
And nature ſtrives to bear the ſway:
Was ever one ſo vile, ſo bleſt!
So foul, yet by the Lamb careſs'd!

2 Forbid, O Lord, each vain deſire,
And bind my paſſions to thy croſs;
Quench all the ſparks of nature's fire,
And bid me count my gain but loſs:
Lord Jeſus, tear each idol down,
And 'ſtabliſh in my heart thy throne.

3 O let thy grace wipe off my tears,
And ſpeak the tempeſt to a calm:
O warm my heart, and charm my fears,
Be thou a never-failing balm;
The maladies of ſin remove,
And fill my ſoul with heav'nly love.

4 Henceforth I'd ſerve thee, if thou'lt pleaſe
To gird me with an heav'nly pow'r;
I'd ſing the glories of thy grace
Till all my pilgrimage be o'er:
With hallow'd fire inſpire my tongue,
And love ſhall be my endleſs ſong.

HYMN XCIV.

CREATION AND REDEMPTION.

1 GIVE to our GOD immortal praiſe!
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

2 Give to the LORD of lords renown,
The KING of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he ſpread the ſky,
And fixt the ſtary lights on high;
Wonders of grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

4 He fills the ſun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When ſuns and moons ſhall ſhine no more.

5 He ſent his Son with pow'r to ſave
From guilt, and darkneſs, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

6 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly ſeat;
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When this vain world ſhall be no more.

HYMN XCV. CONFIDENCE.

1 WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praiſe my Maker in my ſong:
Angels ſhall hear the notes I raiſe,
Approve the ſong, and join the praiſe.

2 I'll ſing thy truth and mercy, LORD;
I'll ſing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works, and names below,
So much thy pow'r and glory ſhew.

3 To GOD I cry'd when trouble roſe;
He heard me, and ſubdu'd my foes;
He did my riſing fears controul,
And ſtrength diffus'd thro' all my ſoul.

4 Amidſt a thouſand ſnares I ſtand,
Upheld, and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting ſoul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

5 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To ſave from ſorrows, or from ſins:
The work that wiſdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forſakes.

HYMN XCVI.

LIFE AND SAFETY IN CHRIST ALONE.

1 THOU only Sov'reign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend;
And can my ſoul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither ſhall I go,
A wretched wand'rer, from my LORD?
Can this dark world of ſin and wo,
One glimpſe of happineſs afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On theſe my fainting ſpirit lives;
Here ſweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One ſmile, one bliſsful ſmile of thine,
My deareſt LORD, outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmoſt powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care:
Depart from thee—'tis death—'tis more;
'Tis endleſs ruin, deep deſpair.

6 Low at thy feet my ſoul wou'd lie;
Here ſafety dwells, and peace divine:
Still let me live beneath thine eye;
For life, eternal life is thine.

HYMN XCVII. Universal praise.

1 THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice ſhall ſing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 'Twas his right hand that ſhap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler ſpirits came.

3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worſhip with our tongues;
We claim ſome kindred with the ſkies,
And join th' angelic ſongs.

4 Let grov'ling beaſts of ev'ry ſhape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and ſeas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honour ſhine,
And wheels of nature roll;
Praiſe him in your unwearied courſe,
Around the ſteady pole.

6 The brightneſs of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

HYMN XCVIII.

A DIVINE RAPTURE.

1 FROM thee, my God, my joys ſhall riſe,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the ſkies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my ſoul
Shall death itſelf outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my bleſſed JESUS reigns,
In heav'n's unmeaſur'd ſpace,
I'll ſpend a long Eternity
In pleaſure and in praiſe.

4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove;
And endleſs ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 Sweet JESUS, ev'ry ſmile of thine
Shall freſh endearments bring,
And thouſand taſtes of new delight,
From all thy graces ſpring.

6 Haſte, my Beloved, fetch my ſoul
Up to thy bleſs'd abode;
Fly, for my ſpirit longs to ſee
My SAVIOUR and my GOD.

HYMN XCIX.

PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark deſpair
We wretched ſinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or ſpark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpleſs grief;
He ſaw, and (O, amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the ſhining ſeats above,
With joyful haſte he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal fleſh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their laſting ſilence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praiſes ſpeak.

5 Angels, aſſiſt our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raiſe your higheſt notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN C. PROTECTION FROM ENEMIES.

1 ARISE, my ſoul, my joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in thy GOD;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He rais'd me from the deeps of ſin,
The gates of gaping hell;
And fix'd my ſtanding more ſecure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlaſting love
Beneath my ſoul he plac'd;
And on the Rock of ages ſet
My ſlippery footſteps faſt.

4 The city of my bleſt abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark ſtands,
To ſhield the ſacred place.

5 Satan may vent his ſharpeſt ſpite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging pow'r.

6 Ariſe, my ſoul, awake, my voice,
And ſongs of praiſes ſing;
Loud hallelujahs ſhall addreſs
My Saviour and my King.

HYMN CI.

God our only happiness.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlaſting all;
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the ſkies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deſerves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 In vain the bright, the burning ſun,
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy ſweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilſt upon my reſtleſs bed,
Amidſt the ſhades I roll;
If my Redeemer raiſe my head,
'Tis morning with my ſoul.

5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health, and ſafe abode;
We praiſe thy name for all theſe things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee?
And what's my ſafety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I poſſeſſor of the earth,
And call'd the ſtars my own;
Without thy graces, and thyſelf,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others ſtretch their arms like ſeas,
And graſp in all the ſhore;
Grant me the viſits of thy face,
And I deſire no more.

HYMN CII.

The Lord is my portion.

1 FROM pole to pole let others roam,
And ſearch in vain for bliſs;
My ſoul is ſatisfy'd at home,
The Lord my portion is.

2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne
Rules heav'n and earth and ſea;
Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,
And give himſelf to me.

3 His perſon fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And while he pleads for me above,
His arm preſerves me here.

4 His word of promiſe is my food,
His Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my ſtrength renew'd,
And all my wants ſupply'd.

5 For him I count as gain each loſs,
Diſgrace, for him, renown;
Well may I glory in his croſs,
While he prepares my crown!

6 Let worldlings then indulge their boaſt,
How much they gain or ſpend!
Their joys muſt ſoon give up the ghoſt,
But mine ſhall know no end.

HYMN CIII.

PRAYER FOR THE LORD'S PROMISED PRESENCE.

1 SON of GOD! thy people's shield!
Must we still thine absence mourn?
Let thy promise be fulfill'd,
Thou hast said, "I will return!"

2 Gracious Leader now appear,
Shine upon us with thy light!
Like the spring, when thou art near,
Days and suns are doubly bright.

3 Come, and let us feel thee nigh,
Then thy sheep shall feed in peace;
Plenty bless us from on high,
Evil from amongst us cease.

4 Thus each day for thee we'll spend,
While our callings we pursue;
And the thoughts of such a friend
Shall each night our joy renew.

HYMN CIV. THE WAY TO CANAAN.

1 JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I ſtrove againſt its pow'r,
I ſinn'd, and ſtumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour ſay,
"Come hither, ſoul, I AM THE WAY."

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou bleſt Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but ſin I thee can give,
Nothing but love ſhall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to ſinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And ſay, "Behold the way to GOD."

HYMN CV. MY NAME IS JACOB.

1 NAY, I cannot let Thee go,
Till a bleſſing thou beſtow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent preſſing caſe.

2 Doſt thou aſk me, who I am?
Ah, my LORD, thou know'ſt my name!
Yet the queſtion gives a plea,
To ſupport my ſuit with thee.

3 Thou didſt once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold;
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy,
That poor rebel, LORD, was I.

4 Once a ſinner near deſpair,
Sought thy mercy-ſeat by pray'r;
Mercy heard and ſet him free,
LORD, that mercy came to me.

5 Many years have paſs'd ſince then,
Many changes I have ſeen;
Yet have been upheld till now,
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou haſt help'd in ev'ry need,
This emboldens me to plead;
After ſo much mercy paſt,
Canſt thou let me ſink at laſt?

7 No—I muſt maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodneſs makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for JESU's ſake.

HYMN CVI. PRAISE YE THE LORD.

1 LORD and GOD of heav'nly pow'rs, Hallelujah.
Theirs, and O benignly ours;
Glorious King, let earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to ſing thy name.

2 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow; Hallelujah.
Hear, the world's atonement thou;
JESUS, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our ſins away.

3 Thee to laud in ſongs divine Hallelujah.
Angels and archangels join;
We with them our voices raiſe,
Echoing thine eternal praiſe.

4 Holy, holy, holy LORD! Hallelujah.
Live, by heav'n and earth ador'd;
Full of thee they ever cry,
"Glory be to GOD on high." Hallelujah.

HYMN CVII. ADORING FREE GRACE.

1 O LORD, how great's the favour!
That we, ſuch ſinners poor,
Can through thy death's ſweet ſavour
Approach thy mercy's door.

And find an open paſſage
Unto the throne of grace;
There wait the welcome meſſage
Which bids us go in peace.

2 Lord, we are helpleſs creatures,
Full of the deepeſt need,
Throughout defil'd by nature,
Stupid, and inly dead:
Our ſtrength is perfect weakneſs,
And all we have is ſin;
Our hearts are all uncleanneſs,
A den of thieves within.

3 In this forlorn condition,
Who ſhall afford us aid?
Where ſhall we find compaſſion,
But in the church's head?
Jesus, thou art all pity,
O take us to thine arms,
And exerciſe thy mercy,
To ſave us from all harms.

4 We'll never ceaſe repeating
Our numberleſs complaints,
But ever be intreating
The glorious King of ſaints,
'Till we attain the image
Of him we inly love,
And pay our grateful homage
With all the ſaints above.

5 Then we with all in glory
Shall thankfully relate
Th' amazing, pleaſing ſtory
Of Jesu's love ſo great:
In this bleſt contemplation
We ſhall for ever dwell,
And prove ſuch conſolation
As none below can tell.

HYMN CVIII.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
Fix in us thine humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry longing heart!

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Thee we wou'd be always blessing,
Serve thee as thine hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing!
Glory in thy precious love.

3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restor'd by thee!
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

HYMN CIX.

GOD THE ONLY REFUGE IN TROUBLE.

1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 While hope revives, tho' preſs'd with fears,
And I can ſay MY GOD,
Beneath thy feet I ſpread my cares,
And pour my woes abroad.

3 To thee I tell each riſing grief,
For thou alone canſt heal;
Thy word can bring a ſweet relief,
For ev'ry pain I feel.

4 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The ſprings of comfort ſeem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

5 Yet, gracious GOD, where ſhall I flee,
Thou art my only truſt?
And ſtill my ſoul wou'd cleave to thee,
Tho' proſtrate in the duſt.

6 Haſt thou not bid me ſeek thy face?
And ſhall I ſeek in vain?
And can the ear of ſov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

7 No, ſtill the ear of ſov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find acceſs
To breathe my ſorrows there.

8 Thy mercy-ſeat is open ſtill;
Here let my ſoul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

HYMN CX.

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it cauſes anxious thought;
Do I love the LORD, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeleſs frame?
Hardly, ſure, can they be worſe,
Who have never heard his name!

3 Could my heart ſo hard remain,
Pray'r a taſk and burden prove;
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and ſin,
Can I deem myſelf a child?

5 If I pray, or hear or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the LORD indeed,
Tell me, Is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my ſtubborn will,
Find my ſin, a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his ſaints to meet,
Chooſe the ways I once abhor'd,
Find, at times, the promiſe ſweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 LORD decide the doubtful caſe?
Thou who art thy people's ſun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to day.

HYMN CXI. The child.

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, ſimple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child:
From diſtruſt and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleaſes thee.

2 What thou ſhalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wiſdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care,
Why ſhould I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither ſtrong nor wiſe,
Fears to ſtir a ſtep alone:
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preſerv'd from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears;
May I live upon thy ſmiles,
Till the promis'd hour appears;
When the ſons of God ſhall prove
All their Father's boundleſs love.

HYMN CXII.

Christ a sure Guide.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim, through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Bread, of heav'n, Bread of heav'n,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the cryſtal fountain
Whence the healing ſtreams do flow,
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer, ſtrong Deliv'rer,
Be thou ſtill my ſtrength and ſhield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears ſubſide;
Death of deaths, and hell's deſtruction,
Land me ſafe on Canaan's ſide:
Songs of praiſes, Songs of praiſes,
I will ever give to thee.

HYMN CXIII.

Heavenly joys on earth.

1 COME ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
While ye ſurround the throne.

2 The ſorrows of the mind
Be baniſh'd from the place;
Religion never was deſign'd
To make our pleaſures leſs.

3 Let thoſe refuſe to ſing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King
Will ſpeak their joys abroad.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celeſtial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Zion yields
A thouſand ſacred ſweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden ſtreets.

6 Then let our ſongs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' IMMANUEL's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN CXIV. THE OFFICES OF CHRIST.

1 JOIN all the glorious names,
Of wiſdom, love, and pow'r,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to ſpeak his worth,
Too mean to ſet our Saviour forth.

2 But O! what gentle terms,
What condeſcending ways,
Doth our Redeemer uſe
To teach his heav'nly grace!
My ſoul, with joy and wonder ſee
What forms of love he bears for thee.

3 Great Prophet of our GOD,
Our tongues would bleſs thy name!
By thee the joyful news
Of our ſalvation came:
The joyful news of ſins forgiv'n,
Of hell ſubdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

4 JESUS, our great High prieſt,
Offer'd his blood, and dy'd;
Thou guilty ſinner ſeek
No ſacrifice beſide;
His pow'rful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

5 Thou dear Almighty LORD!
Our Conqu'ror, and our King!
Thy ſcepter and thy ſword,
Thy reigning grace we ſing:
Thine is the pow'r; O may we ſit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet!

HYMN CXV.

1 ARRAY'D in mortal flesh,
Lo, the great Angel ſtands!
And holds the promiſes
And pardons in his hands:
Commiſſion'd from his Father's throne,
To make his grace to mortals known.

2 Be thou our Counſellor,
Our Pattern, and our Guide!
And thro' this deſert land
Still keep us near thy ſide!
O let our feet ne'er run aſtray,
Nor rove, nor ſeek the crooked way.

3 We'd hear our Shepherd's voice,
Whoſe watchful eye doth keep
Poor wand'ring ſouls among
The thouſands of his ſheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His boſom bears the tender lambs.

4 To this dear ſurety's hands,
My ſoul, commend thy cauſe;
He anſwers, and fulfils
His Father's broken laws:
Believing ſouls now free are ſet;
For CHRIST hath paid their dreadful debt.

5 Then let our ſouls ariſe,
And tread the tempter down;
Our Captain leads us forth
To conqueſt and a crown:
March on! nor fear to win the day,
Tho' death and hell obſtruct the way.

HYMN CXVI.

DOUBTS AND FEARS SUPPRESS, OR GOD OUR DEFENCE FROM SIN AND SATAN.

1 MY God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

2 The lying tempter would persuade
There's no relief in heav'n;
And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiv'n.

3 But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

4 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing;
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sting.

5 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save:
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

HYMN CXVII.

FOR THE LORD'S DAY MORNING.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear,
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Chriſt is gone,
To plead for all his ſaints.
Preſenting at his Father's throne
Our ſongs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whoſe ſight
The wicked ſhall not ſtand,
Sinners ſhall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right-hand.

4 But to thy houſe will I reſort,
To taſte thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worſhip in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteouſneſs!
Make ev'ry path of duty ſtraight,
And plain before my face.

HYMN CXVIII.

WRATH AND MERCY FROM THE JUDGMENT SEAT.

1 WITH my whole heart I'll raiſe my ſong,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim,
Thou ſov'reign judge of right and wrong
Wilt put my foes to ſhame.

2 I'll ſing thy majeſty and grace;
My GOD prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteouſneſs,
And make his vengeance known.

3 Then ſhall the LORD a refuge prove
For all the poor oppreſt;
To ſave the people of his love,
And give the weary reſt.

4 The men that know thy name will truſt
In thy abundant grace:
For thou haſt ne'er forſook the juſt,
Who humbly ſeek thy face.

5 Sing praiſes to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threat'ning word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

HYMN CXIX.

COURAGE IN DEATH, AND HOPE OF THE RESURRECTION.

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is ſtrong,
His arm is my almighty prop;
Be glad my heart, rejoice my tongue,
My dying fleſh ſhall reſt in hope.

2 Tho' in the duſt I lay my head
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My ſoul for ever with the dead,
Nor loſe thy children in the grave.

3 My fleſh ſhall thy firſt call obey,
Shake off the duſt and riſe on high;
Then ſhalt thou lead the wond'rous way
Up to thy throne above the ſky.

4 There ſtreams of endleſs pleaſure flow;
And full diſcov'ries of thy grace
(Which we but taſted here below)
Spread heav'nly joys thro' all the place.

HYMN CXX.

THE SINNERS PORTION, AND SAINTS HOPE.

1 LORD, I am thine; but thou will prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of ſpite againſt me join,
They are the ſword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lies below,
'Tis all the happineſs they know,
'Tis all they ſeek; they take their ſhare,
And leave the reſt among their heirs.

3 What ſinners value I reſign;
LORD, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I ſhall behold thy bliſsful face,
And ſtand complete in righteouſneſs.

4 This life's a dream, an empty ſhow,
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys ſubſtantial and ſincere;
When ſhall I wake and find thee there?

5 O glorious hour! O bleſt abode!
I ſhall be near, and like my GOD!
And fleſh and ſin no more controul
The ſacred pleaſures of the ſoul.

6 My fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the ground,
Till the laſt trumpet's joyful ſound;
Then burſt the chains with ſweet ſurprize,
And in my Saviour's image riſe.

HYMN CXXI.

THE BOOKS OF NATURE AND SCRIPTURE COMPARED.

1 THE heav'ns declare thy glory, LORD,
In ev'ry ſtar thy wiſdom ſhines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling ſun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy pow'r confeſs;
But the bleſt volume thou haſt writ
Reveals thy juſtice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and ſtars convey thy praiſe
Round the whole earth, and never ſtand:
So when thy truth begun its race,
It touch'd, and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

4 Nor ſhall thy ſpreading goſpel reſt
Till thro' the world thy truth has run;
Till Chriſt has all the nations bleſt
That ſee the light, or feel the ſun.

5 Great Sun of righteouſneſs, ariſe,
Bleſs the dark world with heav'nly light;
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy nobleſt wonders here we view,
In ſouls renew'd, and ſins forgiv'n:
Lord, cleanſe my ſins, my ſoul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

HYMN CXXII.

GOD'S CARE OF THE SAINTS; OR, DELIVERANCE BY PRAYER.

1 LORD, I will bleſs thee all my days,
Thy praiſe ſhall dwell upon my tongue,
My ſoul ſhall glory in thy grace,
While ſaints rejoice to hear the ſong.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Come, let us all exalt his name;
I ſought th' eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to ſhame.

3 I told him all my ſecret grief,
My ſecret groaning reach'd his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heav'nly ſhine;
A beam of mercy from the ſkies
Fills them with light and joy divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that ſerve the Lord:
O fear and love him, all his ſaints,
Taſte of his grace, and truſt his word.

HYMN CXXIII.

The perfections and providence of God.

1 HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodneſs in full glory ſhines;
Thy truth ſhall break thro' ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy deſigns.

2 For ever firm thy juſtice ſtands,
As mountains their foundation keep;
Wiſe are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beaſt thy bounty ſhare;
The whole creation is thy charge;
But ſaints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God! how excellent thy grace;
Whence all our hope and comfort ſprings:
The ſons of Adam in diſtreſs
Fly to the ſhadow of thy wings.

5 From the proviſions of thy houſe
We ſhall be fed with ſweet repaſt;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings ſalvation to our taſte.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the preſence of my Lord;
And in thy light our ſouls ſhall ſee
The glories promis'd in thy word.

HYMN CXXIV.

The personal glories and government of Christ.

1 I'LL ſpeak the honours of my King;
His form divinely fair;
None of the ſons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy ſpeech, and heav'nly grace
Upon thy lips is ſhed;
Thy God with bleſſings infinite
Hath crown'd thy ſacred head.

3 Gird on thy ſword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majeſtic ſway;
Thy terror ſhall ſtrike thro' thy foes
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, for ever ſtands;
Thy word of grace ſhall prove
A peaceful ſceptre in thy hands,
To rule the ſaints by love.

5 Juſtice and truth attend thee ſtill,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy ſoul ſhall fill
With moſt peculiar joys.

HYMN CXXV.

THE GLORY OF CHRIST AND POWER OF HIS GOSPEL.

1 NOW be my heart inſpir'd to ſing
The glories of my Saviour King,
Jeſus the Lord; how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the ſons of human race
He ſhines with a ſuperior grace,
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And bleſſings all his ſtate compoſe.

3 Dreſs thee in arms, moſt mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy ſword,
In majeſty and glory ride
With truth and meekneſs at thy ſide.

4 Thine anger like a pointed dart
Shall pierce the foes of ſtubborn heart;
Or words of mercy kind and ſweet
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, for ever ſtands,
Grace is the ſceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are juſt and right,
Juſtice and grace are thy delight.

6 God, thine own God, has richly ſhed
His oil of gladneſs on thy head,
And with his ſacred Spirit bleſt
His firſt born Son above the reſt.

HYMN CXXVI.

CHRIST'S ASCENSION, AND THE GIFT OF THE SPIRIT.

1 LORD, when thou didſt aſcend on high,
Ten thouſand angels fill'd the ſky;
Thoſe heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy ſtate.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the LORD was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And ſtruck the choſen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
That thouſand ſouls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He ſent the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

HYMN CXXVII. The kingdom of Christ.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heav'n submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down:
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of over spreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace like a river from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

HYMN CXXVIII.

Christ reigning in heaven, and coming to judgment.

1 HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in evangelic strains:
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counſels and unknown;
But grace and truth ſupport his throne,
Tho' gloomy clouds his way ſurround,
Juſtice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the ſeas retire.

4 His enemies with ſore diſmay,
Fly from the fight, and ſhun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye ſaints on high,
And ſing, for your redemption's nigh.

HYMN CXXIX.

Christ's kingdom and majesty.

1 THE God, Jehovah, reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let ſinners tremble at his throne,
And ſaints be humbled there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants ſtand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion is his throne,
His honours are divine;
His church ſhall make his wonders known,
For there his glories ſhine.

4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praiſe!
Juſtice and truth, and judgment join,
In all his works of grace.

HYMN CXXX.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, LORD;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN CXXXI.

HOSANNA; THE LORD'S DAY; OR, CHRIST'S RESURRECTION AND OUR SALVATION.

1 THIS is the day the LORD hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O LORD, descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

4 Blest be the LORD who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in GOD his father's name
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

HYMN CXXXII.

HOLINESS AND COMFORT FROM THE WORD.

1 LORD, I eſteem thy judgments right,
And all thy ſtatutes juſt;
Thence I maintain a conſtant fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring luſt.

2 Thy preecepts often I ſurvey:
I keep thy law in ſight,
Thro' all the bus'neſs of the day,
To form my actions right.

3 My heart in midnight ſilent cries,
"How ſweet thy comforts be;"
My thoughts in holy wonder riſe,
And bring their thanks to thee.

4 And when my ſpirit drinks her fill,
At ſome good word of thine,
Not mighty men that ſhare the ſpoil
Have joys compar'd to mine.

HYMN CXXXIII.

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTIONS: OR, DELIGHT IN THE WORD OF GOD.

1 FATHER, I bleſs thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chaſtiſing rod,
That forc'd my conſcience to a ſtand,
And brought my wand'ring ſoul to GOD!

2 Fooliſh and vain I went aſtray
Ere I had felt thy ſcourges, LORD,
I left my Guide, and loſt my way;
But now I love and keep thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to riſe and ſwell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's ſtroke,
That I might learn his ſtatutes well.

4 The law that iſſues from thy mouth
Shall raiſe my cheerful paſſions more
Than all the treaſures of the ſouth,
Or weſtern hills of golden ore.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy ſpirit form'd my ſoul within;
Teach me to know thy wond'rous name,
And guard me ſafe from death and ſin.

6 Then all that love and fear the LORD
At my ſalvation ſhall rejoice:
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

HYMN CXXXIV.

THE SINNER CONVERTED.

1 WHEN with my mind divinely preſt,
Dear Saviour, my revolving breaſt
Wou'd paſt offences trace;
Trembling I make the black review,
Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too,
The pow'r of changing grace.

2 This tongue, with blaſphemies defil'd,
Theſe feet, to erring paths beguil'd,
In heav'nly league agree;
Who cou'd believe ſuch lips cou'd praiſe,
Or think my dark and winding ways
Should ever lead to thee?

3 Theſe eyes, that once abus'd their ſight,
Now lift to thee their watry light,
And weep a ſilent flood;
Theſe hands aſcend in cenſeleſs pray'rs;
O waſh away the ſtains they wear,
In pure redeeming blood!

4 These ears, that pleas'd cou'd entertain
The midnight oath, the luſtful ſtrain,
When round the feſtal board;
Now deaf to all th' inchanting noiſe,
Avoid the throng, deteſt the joys,
And pleas to hear thy word.

5 Thus art thou ſerv'd in ev'ry part;
And now thou doſt transform my heart,
That droſſy thing refine:
Now grace doth nature's ſtrength controul,
And a new creature—body—ſoul,
Are, Lord, for ever thine!

HYMN CXXXV.

The Believer's Hope.

1 HE is a God of ſov'reign love,
That promis'd heav'n to me;
And taught my thoughts to ſoar above,
Where happy ſpirits be.

2 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand;
Then come the joyful day!
Come death and ſome celeſtial band,
To bear my ſoul away.

3 Then, my Beloved, take my ſoul
Up to thy bleſt abode;
That face to face I may behold
My Saviour, and my God.

4 God has laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at the great day
Shall place it on my head.

5 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to ſee
Th' appearance of his Son.

HYMN CXXXVI.

1 ARISE, my tend'reſt thoughts, ariſe,
To torrents melt my ſtreaming eyes!
And thou, my heart, with anguiſh feel
Thoſe evils, which thou canſt not heal!

2 See human nature ſunk in ſhame!
See ſcandals pour'd on Jesu's name!
The Father wounded thro' the Son!
The world abus'd, the ſoul undone!

3 See the ſhort courſe of vain delight
Cloſing in everlaſting night!
In flames, that no abatement know,
The briny tears for ever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful ſcene;
My bowels yern o'er dying men;
And fain my pity wou'd reclaim,
And ſnatch the fire brands from the flame!

5 But feeble my compaſſion proves,
And can but weep where moſt it loves;
Thine own all-ſaving arm employ,
And turn thoſe drops of grief to joy.

HYMN CXXXVII.

1 A Charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying ſoul to ſave,
And fit it for the ſky.

2 To ſerve the preſent age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my maſter's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy ſight to live;
And O! thy ſervant, Lord, prepare
A good account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
And let me ne'er my truſt betray,
Leſt I for ever die.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

Faith in Christ our sacrifice.

1 NOT all the blood of beaſts
On Jewiſh altars ſlain;
Cou'd give the guilty conſcience peace,
Or waſh away one ſtain.

2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our ſins away;
A ſacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay its hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I ſtand,
And there confeſs my ſin.

4 My ſoul looks back to ſee
The burdens thou didſt bear,
When hanging on the curſed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing we rejoice
To ſee the curſe remove;
We bleſs the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And ſing his bleeding love.

HYMN CXXXIX. A SONNET.

1 AWAKE and ſing the ſong
Of Moſes and the Lamb;
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praiſe the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his riſing pow'r,
Sing how he intercedes above,
For thoſe whoſe ſins he bore.

3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Aſcending with our tongues,
Sing till the love of ſin departs,
And grace inſpires our ſongs.

4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ranſom'd ſinners ſing;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
In CHRIST th' eternal King.

5 Soon ſhall ye hear him ſay,
"Ye bleſſed children come;"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wand'rers home.

HYMN CXL.

EBEN-EZER. 1 *Sam.* vii. 12.

1 COME, thou font of ev'ry bleſſing!
Tune my heart to ſing thy grace!
Streams of mercy never-ceaſing,
Call for ſongs of loudeſt praiſe:
Teach me ſome melodious ſonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praiſe the mount—I'm fixt upon it,
Mount of GOD's unchanging love!

2 Here I raiſe mine Eben-ezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleaſure
Safely to arrive at home.
JESUS ſought me when a ſtranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of GOD;
He, to reſcue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm conſtrain'd to be!
Let that grace, LORD, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it;
Prone to leave the GOD I love—
Here's my heart, LORD, take and ſeal it;
Seal it from thy courts above!

HYMN CXLI. THE BEATIFIC VISION.

1 I Long to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty diſplay'd,
His beauty of holieſt love:
I languiſh, and die to be there,
Where JESUS hath fix'd his abode;
O when ſhall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of GOD!

2 With him I on Zion ſhall ſtand,
(For JESUS hath ſpoken the word)
The breadth of IMMANUEL's land
Survey by the light of my LORD:
But when on thy boſom reclin'd,
Thy face I am ſtrengthen'd to ſee,
My fulneſs of rapture I find,
My heaven of heaven's in thee!

3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No ſickneſs or ſorrow ſhall prove:
Phyſician of ſouls, unto me
Forgiveneſs and holineſs give,
And then from the body ſet free,
And then to the city receive.

HYMN CXLII. Christ withdrawn.

1 O What ſhall I do to retrieve
The love for a ſeaſon beſtow'd;
'Tis better to die than to live
Exil'd from the preſence of God:
With ſorrow diſtracted and doubt,
With palpable horror oppreſt,
The city I wander about,
And ſeek my repoſe in his breaſt.

2 Ye watchmen of Iſrael, declare
If ye my Beloved have ſeen,
And point to that heav'nly fair,
Surpaſſing the children of men:
My Lover and Lord from above,
Who only can quiet my pain,
Whom only I languiſh to love,
O where ſhall I find him again?

3 The joy and deſire of mine eyes,
The end of my ſorrow and woe;
My hope and my heav'nly prize,
My height of ambition below:
Once more if he ſhew me his face,
He never again ſhall depart,
Detain'd in my cloſeſt embrace,
Conceal'd in the depth of my heart.

HYMN CXLIII. The pilgrim's song.

1 RISE, my ſoul, and ſtretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Riſe from tranſitory things,
Tow'rds heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and ſtars decay,
Time ſhall ſoon this earth remove;
Riſe, my ſoul, and haſte away
To ſeats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor ſtay in all their courſe;
Fire aſcending ſeeks the ſun,
Both ſpeed them to their ſource:
So a ſoul that's born of GOD
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To reſt in his embrace.

3 Ceaſe, ye pilgrims, ceaſe to mourn,
Preſs onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the ſkies:
Yet a ſeaſon, and you know
Happy entrance will be giv'n,
All our ſorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

HYMN CXLIV.

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey ſweetly ſing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praiſe,
Glorious in his works and ways!

2 Ye are trav'ling home to GOD,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happineſs ſhall ſee.

3 O ye baniſh'd ſeed be glad!
CHRIST our Advocate is made;
Us to ſave our fleſh aſſumes,
Brother to our ſouls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock and bleſt,
You on JESU's throne ſhall reſt:
There your ſeat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom, and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful ſtand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's ſon,
Bids you undiſmay'd go on.

6 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we ſtill will follow thee!

HYMN CXLV. Flesh and spirit.

1 WHAT diff'rent pow'rs of grace and ſin
Attend our mortal ſtate?
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.

2 Now I complain, and groan and die,
While ſin and Satan reign;
Now raiſe my ſongs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

3 So darkneſs ſtruggles with the light,
Till perfect day ariſe;
Water and fire maintain the fight,
Until the weaker dies.

4 Thus will the fleſh and Spirit ſtrive,
And vex and break my peace;
But I ſhall quit this mortal life,
And ſin for ever ceaſe.

HYMN CXLVI.

1 O JESU, our LORD,
Thy name be ador'd,
For all the rich bleſſings convey'd by thy word.

2 In ſpirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praiſe.

3 The Antient of days
His glory diſplays,
And ſhines on his choſen with cheriſhing rays.

4 The trumpet of God
Is ſounding abroad,
The language of mercy—ſalvation thro' blood.

5 Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And ſhare in the bleſſings of this goſpel-day.

6 The people who know
The Saviour below,
With burning affection to worſhip him glow.

7 Their anguiſh and ſmart,
And ſorrows depart,
Who find his ſalvation inſcrib'd on their heart.

8 This bleſſing be mine,
Thro' favour divine,
But O, my Redeemer, the glory be thine!

9 The work is of grace,
Thine, thine be the praiſe;
And mine to adore thee, and tell of thy ways.

HYMN CXLVII.

CRUCIFIXION TO THE WORLD.

1 WHEN I ſurvey the wondrous croſs
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richeſt gain I count but loſs,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I ſhould boaſt,
Save in the croſs of Chriſt my God;
All the vain things that charm me moſt,
I ſacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down!
Did e'er ſuch love, ſuch ſorrow meet?
Or thorns compoſe ſo bright a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a preſent far too ſmall;
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my ſoul, my life, my all.

HYMN CXLVIII.

Farewel to the world.

1 WORLD, adieu! thou real cheat,
Oft have thy deceitful charms
Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
Fooliſh hopes, and falſe alarms:
Now I ſee as clear as day
How thy follies paſs away.

2 Vain thy entertaining ſights,
Falſe thy promiſes renew'd,
All the pomp of thy delights
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit for heav'n above,
Object of the nobleſt love.

3 Farewel honour's empty pride,
Thy own nice uncertain gueſt,
If the leaſt miſchance betide,
Lays thee lower than the duſt:
Worldly honours end in gall,
Riſe to-day—to-morrow fall.

4 Fooliſh vanity—farewel—
More inconſtant than the wave,
Where thy ſoothing fancies dwell,
Pureſt tempers they deprave:
He, to whom I fly from thee,
Jeſus Chriſt ſhall ſet me free.

5 Let not, Lord, my wand'ring mind
Follow after fleeting toys,
Since in thee alone I find
Solid and ſubſtantial joys:
Joys that never over-paſt,
Thro'-eternity ſhall laſt.

6 Lord, how happy is the heart
After thee while it aſpires!
True and faithful as thou art,
Thou ſhalt anſwer its deſires;
It ſhall ſee the glorious ſcene
Of thine everlaſting reign.

HYMN CXLIX. Gratitude.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys,
Tranſported with the view I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

2 Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

3 Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

4 When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedleſs ſteps I ran;
Thine arm, unſeen, convey'd me ſafe,
And led me on to man.

5 When worn by ſickneſs oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

6 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my ſtore.

7 Thro' ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death in diſtant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

8 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more;
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

9 Thro' all eternity to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe;
For O! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

HYMN CL.

1 WHAT ſhall we render unto thee,
Thou glorious Lord of life and pow'r!
Teach us to bow the humble knee;
Teach us with thankfulneſs t' adore;
To praiſe thee as thy ſaints above,
To praiſe thee for thy wond'rous love.

2 When like loſt ſheep we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful Shepherd's eye;
When born along th' impetuous tide
Of this world's ſin and vanity;
Our Jesus from the heav'ns came down,
To ſave us by his grace alone.

3 He bore our ſins upon the tree,
(To ſeek and ſave the loſt he came)
There was he bound to ſet us free,
From death and everlaſting ſhame:
The captive flock from hell was freed,
And ranſom'd when their Shepherd bled.

4 Before the Father's awful throne,
Our merciful High Prieſt he ſtands,
And interceeding for his own,
The purchas'd remnant now demands;
His people's everlaſting friend,
Who loving, loves them to the end.

5 May we, his baniſh'd ones, rejoice,
Him for our LORD and GOD to own;
To take him as our only choice,
And cleave to him in love alone;
Be growing up in holineſs,
Then meet him in the realms of bliſs.

HYMN CLI.

1 A Thouſand foes prepare to war
Againſt a feeble ſaint;
JESUS, in my behalf appear,
And cheer me, leſt I faint.

2 Give me an heart divorc'd from ſin,
Shut up from worldly care;
Conſtant, ſincere, and fervent in
The exerciſe of pray'r.

3 Watchful in ev'ry work and word,
Ready to ſpeak thy praiſe;
Arm'd with thy Spirit's two-edg'd ſword,
And cloth'd with ev'ry grace.

4 Fill'd with a godly filial fear,
A conſtant jealous care;
Leſt I from the right path ſhould err,
Or fall into a ſnare.

5 To ev'ry earthly object dead;
Alive to things above;
Conform'd unto my living Head,
And fill'd with burning love.

6 Let furious heats no more moleſt,
Nor paſſions chaſe my mind;
Quench all ill tempers in my breaſt,
And make me meek and kind.

7 Grant me a ſerious, ſober mind,
From levity ſet free;
That I may ſhew to all mankind
Thine image, LORD, in me.

8 Aſſume in me thy dwelling-place,
Thy temple, and thy throne;
Then ſtubborn ſelf ſhall bend to grace,
And Antichriſt fall down.

HYMN CLII. ADORING CHRIST.

1 BRETHREN, let us join to bleſs
JESUS CHRIST, our joy and peace;
Let our praiſe to him be giv'n,
High at GOD's right hand in heav'n!

2 Maſter, ſee! to thee we bow,
Thou art LORD, and only thou;
Thou the bleſſed virgin's ſeed,
Glory of thy church, and Head.

3 Thee the angels ceaſeleſs ſing,
Thee we praiſe our prieſt and King;
Worthy is thy name of praiſe,
Full of glory, full of grace.

4 Thou haſt the glad tidings brought,
Of ſalvation by thee wrought;
Wrought for all thy church! and we
Worſhip in their company.

5 We thy little flock adore
Thee the LORD, for evermore!
Ever with us shew thy love,
Till we join with those above!

HYMN CLIII. To the holy Ghost.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay;
Tho' I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Tho' I have most unfaithful been,
Of all, who e'er thy grace receiv'd;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.

3 But O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O LORD, relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with a calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN CLIV.

The Christian's expectation.

1 GOD of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace;
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.

4 Not unto us, but thee, O Lord,
Glory to thee be giv'n,
For ev'ry gracious thought and word,
That brought us nearer heav'n.

3 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he will keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

4 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face, like his, shall shine;
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

5 O what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white array'd;
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head!

6 Then let us earnestly contend,
And fight our passage thro';
Bear in our faithful mind the end,
And keep the prize in view.

7 Then let us hasten to the day,
When all shall be brought home;
Come, O Redeemer, come away,
Lord Jesu, quickly come!

HYMN CLV. Adoring Jesus.

1 O Come let us join,
Together combine,
To praise our dear Saviour, our Master divine.

2 He worthy is blest
By spirits at rest,
Who once in this desert his Godhead confess'd.

3 The prophets who told
His ſuff'rings of old,
Sing now ſweet thankſgivings on pſalt'ries of gold.

4 The fathers to whom
He ſhew'd he would come,
Now in his pavilion take up their long home.

5 The ſpirits of men,
Who for him were ſlain,
From Abel the righteous, ſhare now in his reign.

6 The Apoſtles who ſtood,
Reſiſting to blood
For JESUS's goſpel, rejoice in their GOD.

7 O church of the Lamb
Here met, do the ſame,
With ſaints and with angels bleſs JESUS's name.

8 My ſoul bear a part,
For ranſom'd thou art
By JESU's blood-ſhedding, his burial and ſmart.

9 To him that was ſlain,
The ſcorn'd Nazarene,
Be glory and honour; let all ſay Amen.

HYMN CLVI.

GOD GLORIOUS AND SINNERS SAVED.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory ſhines!
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known thro' the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſand thro' the ſkies.

2 Thoſe mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r;
Their motions ſpeak thy ſkill;
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience ſtill.

3 But when we view thy great deſign
To ſave rebellious worms;
Where vengeance and compaſſion join
In their divineſt forms;

4 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature gueſs
Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone,
The juſtice, or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains,
Bright ſeraphs learn IMMANUEL's name,
And try their choiceſt ſtrains.

6 O may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong;
Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN CLVII. THY WORD IS TRUTH.

1 MY hiding-place, my refuge, tow'r,
And ſhield art thou, O LORD;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

2 Engrav'd as in eternal braſs,
The mighty promiſe ſhines,
Nor can the pow'rs of darkneſs raze
Thoſe everlaſting lines.

3 The ſacred word of grace is ſtrong,
As that which built the ſkies;
The voice which rolls the ſtars along,
Spoke all the promiſes.

4 My hiding-place, my refuge, tow'r,
And ſhield art thou, O LORD;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

HYMN. CLVIII. *Prov.* xxviii. 14.

1 GOD of all grace and majesty!
Supremely great and good!
If I have favour found with thee,
Thro' th' atoning blood,
The guard of all thy mercies give;
And to my pardon join
A fear, lest I shou'd ever grieve
The gracious Spirit divine.

2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
May I obedient prove,
Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
Or sin against thy love:
This choicest fruit of faith bestow
On thy sojourner here;
And let me pass my days below
In humbleness and fear.

3 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
My strict observer see;
And thou by rev'rent love unite
My child-like heart to thee:
Still let me, till my days are past,
At Jesu's feet abide:
So shall he lift me up at last,
And seat me by his side.

HYMN CLIX. *John* xiii. 9.

1 JESUS, thou art my righteousness,
For all my sins were thine;
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy life hath made him mine:
My dying Saviour and my God!
Fountain for guilt and sin!
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

2 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, and heart!
Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full enjoyment die,
And all my soul be love!

HYMN CLX. Compleatness in Christ.

1 KIND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in ev'ry word;
"Thou art my chosen one, he cries,
"Bound to my heart by various ties."

2 Sweet is thy voice, dear Lord, to me,
"I will behold no spot in thee;"
What mighty wonders love performs,
That puts a comeliness on worms!

3 Defil'd and lothesome as we are,
Thou mak'st us white, and call'st us fair!
Adorn'st us with thy heav'nly dress,
Thy graces and thy righteousness.

4 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies;
Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell forever in thy love!

HYMN CLXI. Preserving grace.

1 TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will preſent our ſouls
Unblemiſh'd, and compleat,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the choſen ſeed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bleſs the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our redeeming God
Almighty pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majeſty,
And everlaſting ſongs.

HYMN CLXII.

Pleading the covenant.

1 O Lord my God, whoſe ſov'reign love
Is ſtill the ſame, nor e'er can move;
Look to the covenant, and ſee,
For once thy love was ſhewn to me:
Remember, O my deareſt friend,
And love me alway to the end.

2 Be with me ſtill, as heretofore,
And help me forward more and more;
My ſtrong, my ſtubborn will incline
To be obedient ſtill to thine:
O lead me by thy gracious hand,
And guide me ſafe to Canaan's land.

3 I need not ſay, for well thou know'ſt,
How I, without thy help, am loſt;
Thou know'ſt how apt I am to err,
But thou canſt make me perſevere:
Be then my light, and let me ſee
That I have yet my lot in thee.

4 O take me up above the skies,
Translate me to thy paradise;
Then shall I rest from ev'ry woe,
From all the troubles here below;
Grant this, my LORD, and kindly say,
"Come my Redeemed; come away."

HYMN CLXIII. GOD'S OMNIPRESENCE.

1 LORD, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, LORD,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on ev'ry side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sovereign love.

HYMN CLXIV. THANKSGIVING.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living GOD;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the pow'rs within me join,
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bleſs, O my ſoul, the God of grace,
His favours claim thy higheſt praiſe;
Why ſhould the wonders he hath wrought
Be loſt in ſilence, and forgot?

3 'Twas he, my ſoul, that ſent his Son
To die for crimes which thou haſt done;
He owns the ranſom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Our youth decay'd, his pow'r repairs,
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He ſatisfies our ſoul with good,
And fills our mouth with heav'nly food.

5 Let the whole earth his pow'r confeſs,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
May all our pow'rs within us join,
In work and worſhip ſo divine!

HYMN CLXV.

Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.

1 DESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of theſe inferior things.

2 O for a ſight, a pleaſing ſight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There ſits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

3 Adoring ſaints around him ſtand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;
The God ſhines gracious thro' the Man,
And ſheds ſweet glories on them all.

4 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That we shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing thy love?

HYMN CLXVI. The BEGGAR.

1 ENCOURAG'D by thy word,
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door!
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's usual plea
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou would'st disdain:
And those which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men wou'd scorn to hear.

3 I have no right to say,
That tho' I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more.
Thou know'st that from my very birth,
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

4 Nor can I dare profess,
As beggars often do,
Tho' great is my distress,
My faults have been but few.
If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,
It wou'd be what I well deserve.

5 'Twere folly to pretend
I never beg'd before;
Or, if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more.
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.

6 Tho' crumbs are much too good
For such a dog as I,
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy.
O! do not frown and bid me go,
I must have ALL thou canst bestow.

7 Nor can I willing be,
Thy bounty to conceal
From others who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel.
I'll tell them of thy mercies store,
And try to send a thousand more.

8 Thy thoughts, thou only wise,
Our thoughts and ways transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above the earth extend.
Such pleas as mine men wou'd not hear,
But GOD receives a beggar's pray'r.

HYMN CLXVII.

1 JESU, we thy promise claim,
We are met in thy dear name;
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here:
Sanctify us, LORD, and bless,
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace:
Come, descend, celestial Dove,
Make this time a time of love.

2 Let the fruits of grace abound;
Let us in thy bowels found;
Faith, and love, and joy increase,
Temperance, and gentleness:
Plant in us thy humble mind,
Patient, pitiful and kind;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee.

3 Make us all in thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet;
Meet t' appear before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light:
Call, O call us each by name,
To the marriage of the Lamb;
Let us lean upon thy breast,
Love be there our endless feast.

HYMN CLXVIII.

God our creator and benefactor.

1 MY Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring
From whence my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind,
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

4 O! what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas! how poor!

5 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

6 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine,
Let all my pow'rs to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

HYMN CLXIX. *Ephes.* ii. 5.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming ſound,
Harmonious to the ear!
Heav'n with the echo ſhall reſound,
And all the earth ſhall hear.

2 Grace firſt contriv'd a way
To ſave rebellious man;
And all the ſteps that grace diſplay,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new ſupplies each hour I meet,
While preſſing on to GOD.

4 Grace all the work ſhall crown,
Thro' everlaſting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmoſt ſtone;
And well deſerves the praiſe.

HYMN CLXX.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from EMMANUEL'S veins;
And ſinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Loſe all their guilty ſtains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to ſee
That fountain in his day;
And there have I as vile as he,
Waſh'd all my ſins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never loſe its pow'r,
Till all the ranſom'd church of GOD
Be ſav'd to ſin no more.

4 E'er ſince by faith I ſaw the ſtream
Thy flowing wounds ſupply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And ſhall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
(Unworthy tho' I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by pow'r divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

HYMN CLXXI. 2 *Cor.* v. 1, 5, 8.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace;
But we had rather see:
We wou'd be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

HYMN CLXXII.

BREATHING AFTER HEAVENLY THINGS.

1 TO thee, my GOD, I hourly ſigh,
But not for golden ſtores;
Nor covet I the brighteſt gems,
On the rich eaſtern ſhores.

2 Nor that deluding empty joy,
Men call a mighty Name;
Nor greatneſs in its gayeſt forms,
My reſtleſs thoughts enflame.

3 Nor pleaſure's ſoft enticing charms,
My fond deſires allure;
Far greater things than earth can yield,
My wiſhes wou'd ſecure.

4 Thoſe bliſsful, thoſe tranſporting ſmiles,
That brighten heav'n above;
The boundleſs riches of thy grace,
And treaſures of thy love.

5 Theſe are the mighty things I crave:
O! make theſe bleſſings mine;
And all the glories of the world
I gladly will reſign.

HYMN CLXXIII. THE STONY HEART.

1 O! For a glance of heav'nly day,
To take this ſtubborn ſtone away;
And thaw with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rent; the earth can quake;
The ſeas can roar; the mountains ſhake;
Of feeling all things ſhew ſome ſign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the ſorrows thou haſt felt,
Dear LORD, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear:
Goodneſs and wrath in vain combine,
To ſtir this ſtupid heart of mine.

5 But ſomething yet can do the deed,
And that dear ſomething muſt I need:
O! may thy Spirit now refine
From droſs, and melt this heart of mine.

HYMN CLXXIV. SATAN REPULSED.

1 'TIS falſe: thou vile accuſer; go,
I ſee thro' all the thin diſguiſe—
Back to thy native realms below,
Thou parent of deceit and lies!

2 Think not to drive my trembling ſoul,
Laden with guilt, to black deſpair;
Haſt thou ſurvey'd the ſacred roll,
And found my name not written there?

3 Preſumptious thought! to fix the bound,
To limit mercy's ſov'reign reign:
What other happy ſouls have found,
I'll ſeek, nor ſhall I ſeek in vain.

4 I own my guilt, thy charge confeſs,
Nor can thy malice make it more;
Of crimes already numberleſs,
Vain the attempt to ſwell the ſcore.

5 Set the black liſt before my ſight;
While I remember JESUS dy'd,
'Twill only urge my ſpeedier flight,
To ſeek ſalvation at his ſide.

5 Low at his feet I'll caſt me down,
To him reveal my grief and fears;
And if he ſpurns me from his throne,
I'll be the firſt who periſh'd there.

HYMN CLXXV.

1 FAR from our thoughts vain world be gone,
Let our religious hours alone;
May we by faith the Saviour ſee:
We wait a viſit, Lord, from thee!

2 O warm our hearts with holy fire!
And kindle there a pure deſire!
Come, deareſt Saviour, from above,
And feed our ſouls with heav'nly love.

3 Bleſs'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How ſweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taſte above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories ſhine!
Thou brighteſt, ſweeteſt, faireſt One,
That eyes have ſeen or Angels known.

HYMN CLXXVI.

1 O For a cloſer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to ſhine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the bleſſedneſs I knew,
When firſt I ſaw the Lord?
Where is the ſoul-refreſhing view
Of Jesus, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd,
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins which made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

6 The dearest Idol I have known,
Whate'er that Idol be;
Help me to bear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN CLXXVII.

Desiring to know and love Christ more.

1 THOU only source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love with cheerful beams of hope
My fainting heart supplies.

4 But ah! too ſoon the pleaſing ſcene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears riſe dark between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my Life, my Light,
O come with bliſsful ray;
Break radiant thro' the ſhades of night,
And chaſe my fears away.

6 Then ſhall my ſoul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

HYMN CLXXVIII. Rejoice evermore.

1 REJOICE evermore with Angels above,
In Jesus's power, in Jesus's love;
With glad exultation your triumph proclaim,
Aſcribing ſalvation to God and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief in trouble haſt been;
Haſt ſav'd us from grief, haſt ſav'd us from ſin;
The pow'r of thy Spirit can ſet our hearts free;
And we ſhall inherit all fulneſs in thee.

3 All fulneſs of peace, all fulneſs of joy,
And ſpiritual bliſs that never can cloy;
To us it is given in Jesus to know,
A kingdom of heaven, a heaven below.

4 No longer we join where ſinners invite,
Nor envy the ſwine their brutiſh delight;
Their joy is all ſadneſs, their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madneſs, their pleaſure is pain.

5 O may they at laſt with ſorrow return,
The pleaſure to taſte for which they were born;
Our Jesus receiving, our happineſs prove,
The joy of believing, the heaven of love.

HYMN CLXXIX.

GLORY AND GRACE IN CHRIST.

1 NOW to the Lord, a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesu's face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and pow'rful God;
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesu's name!
Ye Angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground!

6 O, may I live to reach the place,
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name on harps of gold!

HYMN CLXXX. *Phil.* iii. 7—9.

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loſs:
My former pride I call my ſhame,
And nail my glory to his croſs.

3 Yes, Lord, I muſt and will eſteem
All things but loſs for Jeſu's ſake;
O may my ſoul be found in him,
And of his righteouſneſs partake!

4 The beſt obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can anſwer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN CLXXXI. The HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

1 THE Lord, my ſhepherd and my guide,
Will all my wants ſupply;
In ſafety I ſhall ſtill abide,
Beneath his watchful eye.

2 Amidſt the verdant flow'ry meads
He makes my ſweet repoſe,
When pain'd with thirſt, he gently leads
Where living water flows.

3 If from his fold I thoughtleſs ſtray,
He leads the wand'rer home,
And ſhews my erring feet the way
Where dangers cannot come.

4 Tho' haſt'ning to the ſilent tomb,
And death's dark ſhades appear;
Thy preſence, Lord, ſhall cheer the gloom,
And baniſh ev'ry fear.

5 No evil can my ſoul diſmay,
While I am near my God;
My comfort, my ſupport and ſtay,
Thy ſtaff and guiding rod.

6 Thy conftant bounties me furround,
Amidft my envious foes;
My favour'd head with gladnefs crown'd,
My cup with bleffing flows.

7 Thus fhall thy goodnefs, love and care,
Attend my future days;
And I fhall dwell for ever near
My GOD, and fing his praife.

HYMN CLXXXII. CHRIST THE SHEPHERD.

1 THE Lord my future fhall prepare,
And feed me with a fhepherd's care;
His prefence fhall my wants fupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he fhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the fultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirfty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring fteps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, foft and flow,
Amid the verdant landfcape flow.

3 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overfpread,
My ftedfaft heart fhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ftill;
Thy friendly crook fhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful fhade.

HYMN CLXXXIII.

TRIALS OVERCOME BY HOPE.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To manfions in the fkies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And dry my weeping eyes.

2 Shou'd death against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Shou'd cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heav'nly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN CLXXXIV. *Psalm c.*

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN CLXXXV. Redeeming love.

1 COME, heavenly love, inspire my song,
With thy immortal flame;
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,
The Saviour's lovely name.

2 The Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

3 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

4 God's only Son, (stupendous grace!)
Forsook his throne above;
And swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

5 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

6 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store:
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

7 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

HYMN CLXXXVI.

1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me:
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have known the Lord.

3 As by the light of op'ning day,
The ſtars are all conceal'd;
So earthly pleaſures fade away,
When Jeſus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now, LORD, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthleſs worm like me?

6 Yes tho' of ſinners I'm the worſt,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou hadſt not lov'd me firſt,
I had refus'd thee ſtill.

HYMN CLXXXVII. Chriſtian love.

1 LET party names no more
The chriſtian world o'erſpread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in CHRIST their head.

2 Among the ſaints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the ſame inheritance,
With mutual bleſſings crown'd.

3 Let envy and ill will
Be baniſh'd far away;
Thoſe ſhou'd in ſtricteſt friendſhip dwell,
Who the ſame LORD obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Reſemble that above,
Where ſtreams of pleaſure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

HYMN CLXXXVIII.

1 JESU, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Shew thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid all jars for ever ceaſe.

2 By thy reconciling love
Ev'ry ſtumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and ſpread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us each for other care,
Each another's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.

5 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly,
Shew how true believers die.

HYMN CLXXXIX. THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King!
Let age to age thy righteouſneſs
In ſounds of glory ſing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodneſs to the ſkies;
Thro' the whole earth his goodneſs ſhines,
And ev'ry want ſupplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compaſſions, Lord!
How ſlow thine anger moves!
But ſoon he ſends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the ſoul he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endleſs race,
Thy pow'r and praiſe proclaim:
May we, who taſte thy richer grace,
Delight to bleſs thy name.

HYMN CXC.

1 WHEN darkneſs long has veil'd my mind,
And ſmiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find,
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And bluſh that I ſhould ever be
So prone to act ſo baſe a part,
And harbour one hard thought of thee.

3 O let me then at length be taught,
What ſtill I am ſo ſlow to learn,
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the ſhadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and eaſy to repeat;
But when my faith is ſharply try'd,
I find myſelf a learner yet,
Unſkilful, weak, and apt to ſlide.

5 But O! my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the diſobedient will,
Drives doubt, and diſcontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is ſtill.

6 Thou art as willing to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou therefore all the praiſe receive,
Be ſhame and ſelf-abhorrence mine.

HYMN CXCI. Zech. xiii. 1.

1 THE fountain of Christ's allist me to sing,
The blood of our Priest, our crucify'd King;
Which perfectly cleanses from sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses salvation and health.

2 This fountain so dear he'll freely impart,
Unlock'd by the spear, it gush'd from his heart,
With blood and with water, the first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter; the fountain's but one.

3 This fountain from guilt not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt, infallible cure;
But if guilt removed return, and remain,
Its pow'r may be proved again and again.

4 This fountain unseal'd stands open for all
That long to be heal'd, the great and the small;
Here's strength for the weakly that hither are led;
Here's health for the sickly, here's life for the dead.

5 This fountain, tho' rich, from charge is quite clear;
The poorer the wretch the welcomer here.
Come needy, come guilty, come loathsome and bare;
You can't come too filthy—come just as you are.

6 This fountain in vain has never been try'd,
It takes out all stain, whenever apply'd;
The water flows sweetly with virtue divine,
To cleanse foule completely, tho' leprous as mine.

HYMN CXCII.

Submission to Providence.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
So to the earth we soon return,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but ſhort favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or ſinks them in the grave;
He gives, and, bleſſed be his name!
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry paſſions then;
Let each rebellious ſigh,
Be ſilent at his ſov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If ſmiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praiſes ſhall be ſpread;
And we'll adore the juſtice too
That ſtrikes our comforts dead.

HYMN CXCIII.

1 SEE how rude winter's icy hand
Has ſtripp'd the trees, and ſeal'd the ground;
But ſpring ſhall ſoon his rage withſtand,
And ſpread new beauties all around.

2 My ſoul a ſharper winter mourns;
Barren and lifeleſs I remain;
When will the gentle ſpring return,
And bid my graces grow again!

3 Jesus, my glorious ſun, ariſe,
'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
O! huſh theſe ſtorms, and clear my ſkies,
And let me feel thy vital love.

4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry;
I faint and droop till thou appear:
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
Muſt it be winter all the year?

5 Be ſtill, my ſoul, and wait his hour,
With humble pray'r, and patient faith;
Till he reveals his gracious pow'r,
Repoſe on what his promiſe ſaith.

6 He, by whoſe all-commanding words,
Seaſons their changing courſe maintain;
In ev'ry change a pledge affords,
That none ſhall ſeek his face in vain.

HYMN CXCIV. Welcome cross.

1 'TIS my happineſs below
Not to live without the croſs;
But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loſs;
Trials muſt and will befall;
But with humble faith to ſee
Love inſcrib'd upon them all,
This is happineſs to me.

2 God, in Iſrael, ſows the ſeeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
Theſe ſpring up, and choke the weeds
Which would elſe o'erſpread the ſoil:
Trials make the promiſe ſweet,
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chaſtiſement by the way;
Might I not, with reaſon, fear
I ſhould prove a caſt-away:
Baſtards may eſcape the rod
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God,
Muſt not, would not, if he might.

HYMN. CXCV.

PRAISE TO GOD THRO' THE WHOLE OF OUR EXISTENCE.

1 GOD of my life, thro' all my days,
My grateful pow'rs shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with op'ning light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares wou'd break my rest,
And grief wou'd tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praise I'll raise on high
And check the murmur, and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the pow'rs of language fail;
Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,
Which echo thro' the heav'nly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

HYMN. CXCVI. BROTHERLY LOVE.

1 NOW by the bowels of my GOD,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love his saints.

2 Clamour and wrath and war be gone,
Envy and spite for ever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known
Among the saints, the sons of peace.

5 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noiſe and ſtrife;
Why ſhould we vex and grieve his love,
Who ſeals our ſouls to heav'nly life?

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts;
Thro' all our lives let mercy run;
So GOD forgives our num'rous faults,
For the dear ſake of CHRIST his Son.

HYMN CXCVII.

THE PROMIS'D LAND. *Iſa.* xxxiii. 17.

1 FAR from theſe narrow ſcenes of night,
Unbounded glories riſe,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 There pain and ſickneſs never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endleſs pleaſure reigns.

3 No cloud thoſe bliſsful regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For ſin, the ſource of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 There no alternate night is known,
Nor ſun's faint ſickly ray;
But glory from the ſacred throne
Spreads everlaſting day.

5 O may the heav'nly proſpect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and ſtrong deſire
Bear ev'ry thought above.

6 Prepare us, LORD, by grace divine
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our ſpirits riſe and join
The chorus of the ſky.

HYMN CXCVIII.

Sins and sorrows laid before God.

1 O That we knew the ſecret place
Where we might find our God!
We'd ſpread our wants before his face,
And pour our woes abroad.

2 We'd tell him how our ſins ariſe,
What ſorrows we ſuſtain;
How grace decays and comfort dies,
And leaves our hearts in pain.

3 He knows what arguments we'd take
To wreſtle with our God;
We'd plead for his own mercy's ſake,
And for our Saviour's blood.

4 Our God will pity our complaints,
And heal our broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his ſaints,
The language of their groans.

5 Ariſe, my ſoul, from deep diſtreſs,
And baniſh ev'ry fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To ſpread thy ſorrows there.

HYMN CXCIX. The pardoning God!

1 GREAT God of wonders, all thy ways
Are matchleſs, godlike and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
More godlike and unrivall'd ſhine.
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

2 Crimes of ſuch horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to ſpare;
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none ſhall in the honour ſhare.
Who &c.

3 Angels and men, resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love and grace;
These glories crown JEHOVAH's name
With an incomparable blaze.
Who &c.

4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy
We take the pardon of our GOD,
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,
A pardon bought with JESU's blood.
Who &c.

5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all th' angelic hosts above!
Who is a pard'ning GOD like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

HYMN CC. TRUST IN GOD IN DIFFICULTIES.

1 WHY, O my heart, these anxious cares?
Why these tumultuous sick'ning fears?
Why thus all-pensive and forlorn,
Dost thou thy thick'ning troubles mourn?

2 When threat'ning storms around thee rise,
And louring tempests spread the skies,
On God, my Soul, thy burden cast,
And seek in him a peaceful rest.

3 If falshood and deceit abound,
And envy's darts in secret wound;
If earthly springs of comfort dry,
And ev'ry blooming joy should die;

4 Silent I'll bear thy chast'ning rod,
Thy just displeasure, O my GOD!
On thee I'll wait with eager eyes,
To thee my pray'r with hope shall rise.

5 Yes, I ſhall hear thy cheering voice;
In thee my ſoul ſhall yet rejoice;
Thou wilt reveal thy ſmiling face,
And hence theſe gloomy horrors chace.

6 Thou art my Saviour, thou my God!
Thy grace will I proclaim abroad;
That grace which bears my guilt away,
And turns the blackeſt night to day.

HYMN CCI. The returning backſlider.

1. THE Lord is kind in all his ways,
When moſt they ſeem ſevere;
He frowns and ſcourges and rebukes,
That we may learn his fear.

2 With thorns he fences up our path,
And builds a wall around;
To guard us from the death that lurks,
In ſin's forbidden ground.

3 When other lovers ſought in vain,
Our fond addreſs deſpiſe;
He opens his indulgent arms,
With pity in his eyes:

4 Return, ye wand'ring ſouls, return,
And ſeek his tender breaſt;
Call back the memory of thoſe days,
When there you found your reſt.

5 Behold, great God! we come to thee,
Tho' bluſhes veil our face;
Conſtrain'd our laſt retreat to ſeek
In thy much-injur'd grace.

HYMN CCII.

A prayer for a new ſpirit. *Ezek.* xxxvi. 26.

1. ALMIGHTY God of truth and love!
In me thy pow'r exert;
The mountain from my ſoul remove,
The hardneſs of my heart.

My moſt obdurate heart ſubdue,
In honour to thy Son,
And now the gracious wonder ſhew,
And take away the ſtone.

2 I want a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A ſenſibility of ſin,
A pain to feel it near:
I want the firſt approach to feel
Of pride, or vain deſire,
To catch the wand'rings of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From thee that I no more depart,
No more thy goodneſs grieve;
The filial awe, the fleſhly heart,
The tender conſcience give:
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God! my conſcience make:
Awake my ſoul when ſin is nigh,
And keep it ſtill awake.

HYMN CCIII. The heavenly Guest.

1 AND will the Lord thus condeſcend
To viſit ſinful worms?
Thus at the door ſhall mercy ſtand
In all her winning forms?

2 Surprizing grace!—and ſhall my heart
Unmov'd and cold remain?
Has this hard rock no tender part?
Muſt mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admiſſion ſue,
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barr'd?

4 'Tis ſin, alas! with tyrant power
The lodging has poſſeſs'd;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
Againſt the heav'nly gueſt.

5 Lord, riſe in thy all-conqu'ring grace,
Thy mighty power diſplay;
One beam of glory from thy face
Can drive my foes away.

6 Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart;
Dear Saviour enter in,
And guard the paſſage to my heart,
And keep out every ſin.

HYMN CCIV.

The danger of creature-comforts.

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How falſe and yet how fair!
Each pleaſure has its poiſon too;
And ev'ry ſweet a ſnare.

2 The brighteſt things below the ſky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We ſhould ſuſpect ſome danger nigh,
When we poſſeſs delight.

3 Our deareſt joys and neareſt friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God?

4 The fondneſs of a creature's love,
How ſtrong it ſtrikes the ſenſe!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My ſoul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN CCV.

The vanity of worldly schemes.

1 TO-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thy almighty pow'r
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care,
O be it still pursu'd;
Left slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light;
Left life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

HYMN CCVI.

Desiring to love God above all.

1 AND is it yet, dear Lord, a doubt,
If in my breast thou reign'st alone?
O find the lurking rival out,
And drag the traitor from the throne.

2 Would earth's delusive, trifling charms,
Assume a power above thy name?
Stab each usurper in my arms,
And vindicate thy rightful claim.

3 By purchaſe, duty, every tie,
Yea choice itſelf, Lord, I am thine;
Maintain thy right, or let me die,
Ere from thy love my ſoul decline.

4 If my unſteady heart would'rove,
(And well thou know'ſt its treach'rous frame)
If ought below, or ought above,
Would ſhare or quench the ſacred flame;

5 Chace the curs'd object from my ſoul,
Thence, thence the ſtaining miſchief tear;
Reign thou the ſov'reign of the whole,
Be Lord of every motion there.

HYMN CCVII.

THE INCREASING POWER OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

1 ALL hail, incarnate GOD;
The wond'rous things foretold
Of thee in ſacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold:
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary head
Its ſilver honours pays;
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brighteſt days;
And every age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all conquering King!

3 O haſte, victorious Prince,
That happy glorious day,
When ſouls like drops of dew
Shall own thy gentle ſway:
O may it bleſs our longing eyes,
And bear our ſhouts beyond the ſkies.

4 All hail, triumphant LORD!
Eternal be thy reign;
Behold the nations sue
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

HYMN CCVIII.

1 GOD is King, ye lands rejoice,
Lift, ye isles, a thankful voice,
Shout, ye saints, in joyful strains;
The LORD, th' omnipotent GOD reigns.

2 He controls the sons of pride,
Sits above the raging tide;
None his mighty hand can stay,
None resist his sov'reign sway.

3 Thoughts are vain against the LORD,
All subserve his standing word;
Satan hinders, men object—
Yet what they oppose—effect.

4 O how deep his counsel lies!
How unfathomably wise!
Every way his will is done,
Every way his pow'r is shown.

5 Subjects of the LORD, be bold,
His glorious plan will soon unfold;
Wheels encircling wheels combine
To complete the grand design.

6 Blest is Faith, that trusts his pow'r;
Blest is Hope, that waits his hour:
Let the glorious close appear,
Haste, great Conqueror, bring it near.

HYMN CCIX.

CHRIST THE ONLY SAVIOUR. *Isa.* lxiv. 6.

1 LONG did my ſoul in Jesu's form
No comelineſs nor beauty ſee;
His ſacred name by others priz'd,
Was taſteleſs ſtill, and dead to me.

2 Men call'd me Chriſtian, and my heart
On that deluſion fondly ſtay'd;
Moral my hopes, my Saviour ſelf,
Till mighty grace the cheat diſplay'd.

3 Thanks to the hand that wak'd my dream,
That ſhew'd me wretched, naked, poor;
That ſweetly led me to the rock,
Where all ſalvation ſtands ſecure.

4 Glad, I forſook my righteous pride,
My moral, tarniſh'd, ſinful dreſs;
Exchang'd my droſs away for CHRIST,
And found the robe of righteouſneſs.

HYMN CCX.

GOD ALL IN ALL. *Pſalm* xviii. 46.

1 THE great JEHOVAH reigns.
Upon a throne ſublime;
And from his own eternity
Sees the wide waſtes of time.

2 This great JEHOVAH's mine,
The ſaint in rapture cries;
And to this everlaſting rock
My joyful ſpirit flies.

3 From this immortal ſpring
Immenſe ſalvation flows;
And with the wonders of his love
My grateful boſom glows.

4 His name shall be my song
While life and breath are giv'n;
And his unceasing praise shall run
Thro' all the days of heav'n.

HYMN CCXI.

CHRIST JUSTIFIES AND SANCTIFIES. *John* xix. 34.

1 MY Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by thy blood.

2 Look up, my soul, to him,
Whose death was thy desert;
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

3 There on the curs'd tree
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.

4 Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witness to my heart.

HYMN CCXII.

1 HOW glorious is thy name
Thro' all the ransom'd host,
O Blessed Lamb, who came
To seek and save the lost!

2 Thou art beyond compare,
Most precious in our sight!
Than sons of men more fair;
And infinite in might!

3 Thy perfect work divine
Makes us for ever bleſt:
Here truth and mercy ſhine;
And men with God do reſt.

4 Thy ways are far above
The ways of men, O God!
Above their thoughts thy love,
In ſaving by thy blood.

5 Let us count all things loſs
That Jeſus we may win!
Let's glory in his croſs,
And leave the paths of ſin.

6 In him let us rejoice,
Salvation he hath wrought:
Be his commands our choice;
For with his blood we're bought.

HYMN CCXIII.

For victory over death.

1 O For an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monſter, death,
And all his frightful pow'rs.

2 Joyful with all the ſtrength I have,
My quiv'ring lips ſhou'd ſing,
"Where is thy boaſted vict'ry, grave!
"And where the monſter's ſting!"

3 If ſin be pardon'd, I'm ſecure;
Death has no ſting beſide;
The law gives ſin its damning pow'r;
But Christ, my ranſom, dy'd.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Thro' Christ our living head.

HYMN CCXIV. Safety in Christ.

1 BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine! diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
Great God! to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasure with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still art nigh,
Cheerful I live, and cheerful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

HYMN CCXV. To the Holy Ghost.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flames
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.

5 If thou, celeſtial Dove,
Thine influence withdraw,
What eaſy victims ſoon we fall
To conſcience, wrath, and law!

6 No longer burns our love;
Our faith and patience fail;
Our ſin revives; and death and hell
Our feeble ſouls aſſail.

7 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free:
Then ſhall we know, and praiſe, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

HYMN CCXVI.

CHRIST OUR WISDOM, RIGHTEOUSNESS, SANCTIFICATION, AND REDEMPTION.

1 BELIEVERS own they are but blind;
They own themſelves unwiſe;
But wiſdom in the LORD they find,
Who opens all their eyes.

2 Unrighteous are they all when try'd;
But GOD himſelf declares,
In JESUS they are juſtify'd;
His righteouſneſs is theirs.

3 That we're unholy needs no proof;
We ſorely feel the fall:
But CHRIST has holineſs enough
To ſanctify us all.

4 Expos'd by ſin to GOD's juſt wrath,
We look to CHRIST and view
Redemption in his blood by faith;
And full redemption too.

5 Some this, ſome that, good virtue teach,
To rectify the ſoul:
But we firſt after JESUS reach,
And richly grup the whole.

6 To JESUS join'd we all that's good
From him our head derive;
We eat his flesh and drink his blood;
And by, and in him live.

HYMN CCXVII.

PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

1 LET us love and sing and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's name;
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame;
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He has brought us nigh to GOD.

2 Let us love the LORD who bought us,
Pity'd us when enemies;
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes.
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He presents our souls to GOD.

3 Let us sing, tho' fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down;
For the LORD our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conqu'ror's crown.
He who wash'd us with his blood,
Soon will bring us home to GOD.

4 Let us wonder, grace and justice
Join and point to mercy's store;
When thro' grace in CHRIST our trust is,
Justice smiles and asks no more.
He who wash'd us with his blood,
Has secur'd our way to GOD.

5 Let us praise and join the chorus
Of the saints enthron'd on high!
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky.
Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of GOD!

6 Yes we praiſe thee, gracious Saviour,
Wonder, love, and bleſs thy name;
Pardon, LORD, our poor endeavour,
Pity, for thou knowſt our frame.
Waſh our ſouls and ſongs with blood,
For by thee we come to GOD.

HYMN CCXVIII. LOOKING TO JESUS.

1 HOW glorious the Lamb is ſeen on the throne!
His labours are o'er, his conqueſts are won.
A kingdom is giv'n into the Lamb's hand,
In earth, and in heav'n, for ever to ſtand.

2 Ye ſinners below then truſt in the LORD;
Look up to his arm, his honour, his word;
Athirſt for his favour, his godhead adore;
Look up to your Saviour, and joy evermore!

HYMN CCXIX.

1 LO! to the hills I lift my eyes,
Thy promis'd help I claim;
Father of mercies, glorify
The holy JESU's name.

2 Salvation in that name is found,
Balm of my grief and care;
A med'cine for my ev'ry wound,
All, all I want is there.

HYMN CCXX.

THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD RELIED ON.

1 OUR GOD! how firm his promiſe ſtands,
Ev'n when he hides his face!
He truſts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since CHRIST and we are one?
Our GOD is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heav'n possess'd;
I'll praise him for his grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

HYMN CCXXI.

CHRIST'S INTERCESSION. *Hebrews* vii. 25.

1 A DAWN of hope my soul revives,
And banishes despair;
If yet for me IMMANUEL lives
To plead his potent pray'r.

2 Dispel then, LORD, these shades of night,
My sullen doubts remove;
O send a ray of heav'nly light,
And lead me to thy love.

HYMN CCXXII.

THE SAINTS DELIVERANCE BY DEATH. *Rev.* xxi. 4.

1 THE LORD shall wipe away all tears
From ev'ry weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die.

2 How long, dear SAVIOUR, O how long,
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

HYMN CCXXIII.

THE SAINT'S SAFETY IN GOD.

1 HE that has made his refuge God,
Shall find a moſt ſecure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his ſhade,
And there at night ſhall reſt his head.

2 Thrice happy man, thy maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's ſnare;
Satan the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded ſouls a thouſand ways.

3 What tho' a thouſand at thy ſide,
At thy right hand a thouſand dy'd,
Thy God his choſen people ſaves
Amongſt the dead, amidſt the graves.

HYMN CCXXIV.

THE HEART DEVOTED TO GOD.

1 MY God, my King, thy various praiſe
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raiſe the ſong.

2 The wings of ev'ry hour ſhall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry ſetting ſun ſhall ſee
New works of duty done for thee.

3 But who can ſpeak thy wond'rous deeds?
Thy greatneſs all our thoughts exceeds;
Vaſt and unſearchable thy ways,
Vaſt and immortal be thy praiſe.

HYMN CCXXV.

THE EVERLASTING COVENANT. 2 *Sam.* xxiii. 5.

1 THY word, O God, ſupports my faith,
From thence my hope doth ſpring;
Founded alone on what God ſaith,
My ſoul, adore and ſing.

2 Thy word is truth, thy promiſe ſure,
Hence faith and hope abide;
My ſoul in ſafety ſhall endure;
Nought can from CHRIST divide.

HYMN CCXXVI. TO THE TRINITY.

1 BLESS'D be the FATHER, and his love,
To whoſe celeſtial ſource we owe
Rivers of endleſs joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great SON of GOD,
From whoſe dear wounded body rolls
A precious ſtream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying ſouls.

3 We give thee, SACRED SPIRIT, praiſe,
Who in our hearts of ſin and woe
Makeſt living ſprings of grace ariſe,
And into endleſs glory flow.

HYMN CCXXVII.

COMFORT FOR MOURNERS.

1 WHERE are the mourners, ſays the LORD,
That wait and tremble at my word?
That walk in darkneſs all the day?
Come make my name your truſt and ſtay.

2 The ſofteſt couch that nature knows,
Can give the conſcience no repoſe:
Look to my righteouſneſs and live;
Comfort and peace are mine to give.

HYMN CCXXVIII.

GROWTH IN GRACE.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thy influence from above;
Time, that does all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

3 Laden with fruits of age, they shew
The Lord is holy, just and true:
None that attend his Gates, shall find
A God unfaithful, or unkind.

HYMN CCXXIX. FREE GRACE.

1 WHY was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?

2 'Twas the same love that made the feast,
That sweetly forc'd us in;
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

HYMN CCXXX.

COMPLEATNESS IN GRACE.

1 HAD I ten thousand gifts beside,
I'd cleave to JESUS crucify'd,
And build on him alone:
For no foundation is there giv'n
On which I'd place my hopes of heav'n,
But Christ the corner-stone.

3 Poſſeſſing Chriſt, I all poſſeſs;
Wiſdom, and ſtrength, and righteouſneſs,
And ſanctity complete:
Bold in his name I dare draw nigh,
Before the ruler of the ſky,
And all his juſtice meet.

HYMN CCXXXI.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

1 THY piercing eye, O God, ſurveys
The various windings of my ways;
Teach me their tendency to know,
And try the paths in which I go.

2 How wild, how crooked have they been!
A maze of fooliſhneſs and ſin!
With all the light I vainly boaſt,
Leaving my guide, my ſoul is loſt.

3 O turn me back to thee again!
Or I ſhall ſearch my ways in vain:
Do thou the path of life reveal,
And lead me up to Zion's hill.

HYMN CCXXXII. *Heb.* vi. 17—19.

1 HOW oft have ſin and Satan ſtrove
To rend my ſoul from thee, my God?
But everlaſting is thy love,
And Jeſus ſeals it with his blood.

2 Amidſt temptations ſharp and long,
My ſoul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor firm and ſtrong,
While tempeſts blow, and billows riſe.

3 The goſpel bears my ſpirits up;
A faithful, and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promiſes, and blood.

HYMN CCXXXIII.

1 GLORY be to God on high, Hallelujah.
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man, the well belov'd of heav'n.

2 Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King, Hallelujah.
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd, Hallelujah.
Hail, the everlasting LORD;
Thee, with thankful hearts we prove,
LORD of pow'r, and GOD of love!

HYMN CCXXXIV. *John* xiii. 1.

1 THIS GOD is the GOD we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis JESUS, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN CCXXXV. A BLESSED

1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their Spirits up,
Thro' their redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

HYMN CCXXXVI.

HUMAN WEAKNESS AND CHRIST'S STRENGTH.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That CHRIST's own pow'r may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and CHRIST my song.

HYMN CCXXXVII. Job v. 19.

1 WHY should I doubt his love at last,
With anxious thoughts perplext?
Who sav'd me in the troubles past,
Will save me in the next.
Will love, till at my last [illegible]
With more than conquest [illegible]
I soar beyond [illegible]
To my Redeemer's breast.

HYMN CCXXXVIII. DESIRING CHRIST.

1 COME, O thou universal good!
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
The hungry, dying spirit's food;
The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,
My everlasting rest from sin!

2 Come, O my comfort and delight!
My strength, and health, and shield, and sun;
My boast, my confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown;
My gospel-hope, my calling [illegible]
My tree of life, my pa[illegible]

HYMN CCCXXII.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
Chorus. Glory, honour, praise and power
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah praise the Lord!

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
Chorus. Glory, honour, praise and power
Be unto the Lamb for ever
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer:
Hallelujah! praise the Lord!

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.
Chorus. Glory, honour, praise and power
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer:
Hallelujah! praise the Lord!

HYMN CCCXXIII. Salvation.

1 SALVATION! what a glorious plan,
How suited to our need!
The grace that raises fallen man,
Is wonderful indeed!

2 Twas wisdom form'd the vast design,
To ransom us when lost:
And love's unfathomable mine
Provided all the cost.

3 Strict Juſtice, with approving look,
The holy cov'nant ſeal'd;
And Truth, and Power, undertook
The whole ſhould be fulfill'd.

4 Truth, Wiſdom, Juſtice, Pow'r and Love,
In all their glory ſhone;
When Jesus left the courts above,
And dy'd to ſave his own.

5 Truth, Wiſdom, Juſtice, Pow'r and Love,
Are equally diſplay'd;
Now Jesus reigns enthron'd above
Our Advocate and Head.

6 Now ſin appears deſerving death,
Moſt hateful and abhor'd;
And yet the ſinner lives by faith,
And dares approach the Lord.

HYMN CCXLI.

1 HEAD of the church triumphant;
We joyfully adore thee;
'Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall ſing like thoſe in glory:
We lift our hearts and voices
With bleſt anticipation,
And cry aloud and give to God
The praiſe of our ſalvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And paſſing through the fire,
Thy love we praiſe, which tries our ways,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands, exulting
In thine almighty favour,
The love divine, which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou doſt conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.

The world with ſin and Satan
In vain our march oppoſes:
By thee we ſhall break through them all,
And ſing the ſong of Moſes.

4 By faith we ſee the glory
To which thou ſhalt reſtore us;
The world deſpiſe, for that high prize
Which thou haſt ſet before us:
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall ſee thee ſtand at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

HYMN CCXLII.

Praise to the God of Abraham.

1 THE God of Abrah'm praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd above:
Ancient of everlaſting days,
And God of love:
JEHOVAH GREAT I AM!
By earth and heav'n confeſs'd;
I bow and bleſs the ſacred name,
For ever bleſs'd.

2 The God of Abrah'm praiſe,
At whoſe ſupreme command
From earth I riſe—and ſeek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forſake,
Its wiſdom, fame, and pow'r;
And him my only portion make,
My ſhield and tow'r.

3 The God of Abrah'm praiſe,
Whoſe all-ſufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all my ways:

He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Thro' Jesu's blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on eagle's wings up borne,
To heav'n ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his pow'r adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

HYMN CCXLIII.

Pressing on towards Heaven.

1 THO' nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At Christ's command:
The wat'ry deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And thro' the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow;
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
(Triumphant o'er the world and sin)
The Prince of peace:

On Sion's ſacred height
His kingdom ſtill maintains,
And glorious with his ſaints in light,
For ever reigns.

4 He keeps his own ſecure,
He guards them by his ſide,
Arrays in garments white and pure,
His ſpotleſs bri[illegible]
With ſtreams o[illegible]life,
With groves o[illegible]g joys,
With all the fruits of paradiſe
He ſtill ſupplies.

HYMN CCXLIV.

1 COME, guilty ſouls, and flee away,
Like doves, to Jesu's wounds;
This is the welcome goſpel-day,
Wherein free grace abounds.

2 God lov'd the world, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath;
And Jesus ſays he'll caſt out none
That come to him by faith.

HYMN CCXLV. Self-acquaintance.

1 DEAR Lord, accept a ſinful heart
Which of itſelf complains,
And mourns with much and frequent ſmart,
The evil it contains.

2 Thoſe fiery ſeeds of anger lurk,
That often hurt my frame,
And wait but for the tempter's work
To fan them to a flame.

3 How eager are my thoughts to roam
In queſt of what they love!
But ah! when duty calls them home,
How heavily they move!

4 O cleanſe me in a Saviour's blood,
Transform me by thy power,
And make me thy belov'd abode,
And let me rove no more.

HYMN CCXLVI.

1 CONFIRM the hope thy word allows,
Behold us waiting to be fed,
Bleſs the proviſion of thy houſe,
And ſatisfy thy poor with bread.

2 Drawn by thy invitation, LORD,
Athirſt and hungry we are come:
Now from the fulneſs of thy word,
Feaſt us, and ſend us thankful home.

HYMN CCXLVII.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

1 GOD moves in a myſterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing ſkill,
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful ſaints, freſh courage take;
The clouds ye ſo much dread
Are big with mercy, and ſhall break
In bleſſings on your head.

4 Judge not the LORD by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a ſmiling face.

5 His purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN CCXLVIII. Moonlight.

1 THE moon has but a borrow'd light,
A faint and feeble ray;
She owes her beauty to the night,
And hides herſelf by day.

2 No cheering warmth her beam conveys,
Tho' pleaſing to behold:
We might upon her brightneſs gaze
Till we were ſtarv'd with cold.

3 Juſt ſuch is all the light to man
Which reaſon can impart;
It cannot ſhew one object plain,
Nor warm the frozen heart.

4 Thus moonlight-views of truth divine
To many fatal prove;
For what avails in gifts to ſhine,
Without a ſpark of love?

5 The goſpel, like the ſun at noon,
Affords a glorious light;
Then human reaſon's boaſted moon
Appears no longer bright.

6 And grace, not only light beſtows,
But adds a quick'ning pow'r;
The deſert bloſſoms like the roſe,
And ſin prevails no more.

HYMN CCXLIX. Reigning grace.

1 NOW may the Lord reveal his face,
And teach our ſtamm'ring tongues
To make his ſovereign, reigning grace,
The ſubject of our ſongs!
No ſweeter ſubject can invite
A ſinner's heart to ſing;
Or more diſplay the glorious right
Of our exalted King.

2 This ſubject fills the ſtarry plains
With wonder, joy, and love;
And furniſhes the nobleſt ſtrains
For all the harps above:
While the redeem'd in praiſe combine
To grace upon the throne;
Angels in ſolemn chorus join,
And make the theme their own.

3 Grace tills the ſoil, and ſows the ſeeds,
Provides the ſun and rain;
Till from the tender blades proceeds
The ripen'd harveſt grain.
'Twas grace that call'd our ſouls at firſt,
By grace thus far we're come,
And grace will help us thro' the worſt,
And lead us ſafely home.

4 Lord, when this changing life is paſt
If we may ſee thy face;
How ſhall we praiſe, and love, at laſt,
And ſing the reign of grace!
Yet let us aim while here below
Thy mercy to diſplay;
And own at leaſt the debt we owe,
Altho' we cannot pay.

HYMN CCL.

Afflictions sanctified by the word.

1 O How I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!
It guides me in the peaceful way,
I think upon it all the day.

2 What are the mines of shining wealth,
The strength of youth, the bloom of health!
What are all joys compar'd with those
Thine everlasting word bestows!

3 Long unafflicted, undismay'd,
In pleasures path secure I stray'd;
Thou mad'st me feel thy chastning rod,
And strait I turn'd unto my God.

4 What tho' it pierc'd my fainting heart,
I bless thine hand that caus'd the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But sav'd me from eternal woe.

5 Oh! hadst thou left me unchastis'd,
Thy precept I had still dispis'd;
And *still* the snare in secret laid,
Had my unwary feet betray'd.

6 I love thee therefore O my God,
And breathe towards thy dear abode;
Where in thy presence fully blest,
Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

HYMN CCLI.

1 NOW to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.

2 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

HYMN CCLII.

CHRIST OUR HIGH-PRIEST AND KING. *Rev.* i. 5, 6, 7.

1 NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And ſtrains of nobler praiſe above.

2 'Twas he that cleans'd our fouleſt ſins,
And waſh'd us in his richeſt blood;
'Tis he that makes us prieſts and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jeſus, our atoning Prieſt,
To Jeſus, our ſuperior King,
Be everlaſting power confeſs'd,
And ev'ry tongue his glory ſing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye ſhall ſee him move;
Tho' with our ſins we pierc'd him once;
Then he diſplays his pard'ning love.

5 The unbelieving world ſhall wail,
While we rejoice to ſee the day.
"Come, Lord;" nor let thy promiſe fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

HYMN CCLIII.

A MORNING HYMN, *Pſalm* xix. 5, 8. *and* lxxiii. 24, 25.

1 GOD of the morning, at whoſe voice
The cheerful ſun makes haſte to riſe,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey thro' the ſkies.

2 From the fair chambers of the Eaſt
The circuit of his race begins,
And without wearineſs or reſt
Round the whole earth he flies and ſhines.

3 Oh, like the ſun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heav'nly way.

4 But I ſhall rove and loſe the race,
If God, my ſun, ſhall diſappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze
To follow every wand'ring ſtar.

5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings juſt, thy promiſe ſure,
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe.

6 Give me thy counſel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliſs:
All my deſires and hopes beſide
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

HYMN CCLIV.

An evening hymn, *Pſalm* iv. 8. *and* iii. 5, 6.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry evening ſhall make known
Some freſh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waſte,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies paſt,
He gives me ſtrength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to ſleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful ſtations round my bed.

4 In vain the ſons of earth or hell
Tell me a thouſand frightful things;
My God in ſafety makes me dwell
Beneath the ſhadow of his wings.

[5 Faith in his name forbids my fears:
O may thy preſence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindneſs of thy heart.

6 Thus when the night of death ſhall come,
My fleſh ſhall reſt beneath the ground,
And wait the voice to rouſe my tomb,
With ſweet ſalvation in the ſound.]

HYMN CCLV.

A SONG FOR MORNING AND EVENING, *Lam.* iii. 23.

1 MY GOD, how endleſs is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently diſtil like early dew,

2 Thou ſpread'ſt the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my ſleeping hours;
Thy ſov'reign word reſtores the light,
And quickens all my drowſy pow'rs.

3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I conſecrate my days:
Perpetual bleſſings from thine hand
Demand perpetual ſongs of praiſe.

HYMN CCLVI.

NOT ASHAMED OF THE GOSPEL, 2 *Tim.* i. 12.

1 I'M not aſham'd to own my LORD,
Or to defend his cauſe,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his croſs.

2 JESUS, my GOD! I know his name,
His name is all my truſt;
Nor will he put my ſoul to ſhame,
Nor let my hope be loſt.

3 Firm as his throne his promiſe ſtands,
And he can well ſecure
What I've committed to his hands,
'Till the deciſive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthleſs name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jeruſalem
Appoint my ſoul a place.

HYMN CCLVII.

SAINTS IN THE HANDS OF CHRIST, *John* x. 28, 29.

1 FIRM as the earth the goſpel ſtands
My Lord, my hope, my truſt,
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My ſoul can ne'er be loſt.

2 His honour is engag'd to ſave
The meaneſt of his ſheep;
And all his heav'nly Father gave,
His hands ſecurely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell, ſhall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breaſt;
In the dear boſom of his love
They muſt for ever reſt.

HYMN CCLVIII.

1 JESUS, the King of glory, reigns
On Sion's heav'nly hill;
Looks like a Lamb that has been ſlain,
And wears his prieſthood ſtill.

2 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face:
Give him, my ſoul, thy cauſe to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

HYMN CCLIX. A MORNING SONG.

1 ONCE more, my ſoul, the riſing day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, the tribute pay
To him that rules the ſkies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the ſound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he ſits,
To turn the ſeaſons round.

3 'Tis he ſupports my mortal frame,
My tongue ſhall ſpeak his praiſe;
My ſins would rouſe his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 Dear GOD, let all my hours be thine,
Whilſt I enjoy the light;
Then ſhall my ſoul in ſmiles decline,
And bring a pleaſant night.

HYMN CCLX.

1 RAISE your triumphant ſongs,
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth reſound the deeds
Celeſtial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved choſe,
And bid him raiſe our wretched race
From their abyſs of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;
Nor bolts to drive our guilty ſouls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne
And wrath ſtood ſilent by,
When Chriſt was ſent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, ſinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeleſs ſorrows ceaſe;
Bow to the ſcepter of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the ſalvation thou haſt brought,
And love and praiſe thy name.

HYMN CCLXI.

God glorified in the Goſpel.

1 THE Lord, deſcending from above,
Invites his children near;
While pow'r and truth, and boundleſs love
Diſplay their glories here.

2 Here, in thy goſpel's wond'rous frame,
Freſh wiſdom we purſue!
A thouſand angels learn thy name
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in faireſt lines,
Thy wonders here we trace:
Wiſdom thro' all the miſt'ry ſhines,
And ſhines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its beſt obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging Juſtice ſhows
Its honours in his blood.

5 But ſtill the luſtre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole ſcene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

HYMN CCLXII. The offices of Chriſt.

1 WE bleſs the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit, and thy word,
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our GOD.

3 We honour our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands,
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by diff'rent ways;
His mercies lay a sov'reign claim
To our immortal praise.

HYMN CCLXIII.

1 THE LORD JEHOVAH reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes,
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunder of his hand,
Keeps the whole world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Thro' all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs:
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees, his sov'reign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
"My Father, and my Friend?"
I love his name, I love his word;
Join all my pow'rs, and praise the LORD.

HYMN CCLXIV.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED; THE WISDOM AND POWER OF GOD.

1 NATURE with open volume ſtands,
To ſpread her Maker's praiſe abroad;
And ev'ry labour of his hands
Shews ſomething worthy of a God:

2 But in the grace that reſcu'd man,
His brighteſt form of glory ſhines;
Here, on the croſs, 'tis faireſt drawn
In precious blood, and crimſon lines.

[3 Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can gueſs, nor reaſon prove,
Which of the letters beſt is writ,
The pow'r, the wiſdom, or the love.]

4 Here I behold his inmoſt heart,
Where grace and veng'ance ſtrangely join,
Piercing his Son with ſharpeſt ſmart,
To make the purchas'd pleaſures mine.

5 O! the ſweet wonders of that croſs
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her nobleſt life my ſpirit draws
From his dear wounds, and bleeding ſide.

6 I would for ever ſpeak his name
In ſounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praiſe the Lamb,
And worſhip at his Father's throne.

HYMN CCLXV.

A SONG OF PRAISE TO THE BLESSED TRINITY.

1 I GIVE immortal praiſe to God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here, and better hopes above:
He ſent his own eternal Son,
To die for ſins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood from everlasting woe:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power makes the dead sinner live:
His work compleats the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee be endless honour done,
The undivided Three, and the mysterious One:
Where reason fails with all his pow'rs,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

HYMN CCLXVI.

1 HOsanna to the King of David's ancient blood:
Behold he comes to bring forgiving grace from God
Let old and young attend his way,
And at his feet their honours lay.

2 Glory to God on high, salvation to the Lamb;
Let earth, and sea, and sky his wond'rous love proclaim;
Upon his head shall honour rest,
And ev'ry age pronounce him blest.

HYMN CCLXVII.

For the love of Christ.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend, and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breast!
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be express'd.

2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church, thro' Christ the Son.

HYMN CCLXVIII. Pleeding Christ.

1 FATHER, Son, who see't in me
Only sin and misery,
See thine own anointed One,
Look on thy beloved Son.

2 Turn from me thy glorious eyes,
To that bloody sacrifice;
To that full atonement made,
To that utmost ransom paid.

3 To the blood that speaks above,
Calls for thy forgiving love;
To the tokens of his death,
Here exhibited beneath.

4 Hear his blood's prevailing cry,
Let thy bowels then reply;
Then thro' him the sinner see;
Then in Jesus look on me!

HYMN CCLXIX.

1 JESU, dear redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word;
In thine ordinance appear,
Come and meet thy followers here.

2 In the rite thou hast enjoin'd,
Let us now our Saviour find;
Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare,
Thou thy pard'ning grace declare,
Thou that hast for sinners dy'd,
Shew thyself the Crucify'd!

4 All the guilt of sin remove,
Fill us with thy heav'nly love,
Stamp us with the stamp divine,
Seal us, Lord, for ever thine.

HYMN CCLXX.

1 GOD of all-redeeming grace,
By thy pard'ning love compell'd,
Up to thee our ſouls we raiſe,
Up to thee our bodies yield.

2 Thou our ſacrifice receive,
Acceptable thro' thy Son;
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

3 Juſt it is, and good and right,
That we ſhou'd be wholly thine,
In thine only will delight,
In thy bleſſed ſervice join.

4 O that ev'ry thought and word
Might proclaim how good thou art;
HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD,
Still be written on our heart!

HYMN CCLXXI.

1 TOGETHER with theſe ſymbols, LORD,
Thy bleſſed ſelf impart;
And let thy very fleſh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2 Let us from all our ſins be waſh'd
In thy redeeming blood;
And let thy Spirit be the ſeal,
That we are ſons of GOD.

3 Come, holy Ghoſt, with JESU's love,
Prepare us for this feaſt;
And let us banquet with our LORD,
And lean upon his breaſt.

HYMN CCLXXII.

1 BEHOLD what love the Father hath
On guilty men beſtow'd!
That we, poor ſinners, ſons of wrath,
Should be the ſons of GOD!

2 O! How beyond expreſſion great
The love of Chriſt doth ſhine:
'Tis like himſelf—th'eternal God
Paſt knowledge! all divine!

3 Behold! for guilty, guilty man,
The Lord of glory dies;
Lays down his life, them to redeem,
A precious ſacrifice!

4 And God the ſacrifice accepts,
His wrath is now appeas'd;
He looks to his beloved Son,
And ſays, I am well pleas'd.

5 Now doth the ever bleſſed Lamb,
Who for his people dy'd,
See of the travail of his ſoul,
And is well ſatisfy'd.

6 Now peace and goodwill, towards men,
In plenteous ſtreams do flow,
And joy and hope of endleſs life,
Doth God thro' Chriſt beſtow.

7 O! let us then reſound the note
Which ſtill prevails above;
And ever ſing, with joyful hearts,
The wonders of his love.

HYMN CCLXXIII.

1 ALL praiſe to the Lord, all praiſe is his due,
To day is his word of promiſe found true;
We, we are the nations preſented to God;
Well-pleaſing oblations thro' Jesus's blood.

2 Poor Gentiles from far to Jesus we came,
And offer'd we are to God thro' his name;
To God thro' the Spirit ourſelves do we give,
And ſav'd by the merit of Jesus we live.

HYMN CCLXXIV.

1 OUR Shepherd alone, the LORD, let us bleſs;
Who ſits on the throne, the Prince of our peace;
Who evermore ſaves us by ſhedding his blood;
All hail, holy JESUS, our LORD, and our GOD!

2 We daily will ſing thy merits and praiſe,
Thou merciful ſpring of pity and grace:
Thy kindneſs for ever to men we will tell,
And ſay our dear Saviour redeems us from hell.

3 Preſerve us in love while here we abide,
Nor ever remove, nor cover, nor hide
Thy glorious ſalvation, till joyful we ſee
The beautiful viſion compleated in thee!

HYMN CCLXXV.

1 THOU very paſchal Lamb,
Whoſe blood for us was ſhed,
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ranſom'd people lead!

2 Angel of goſpel-grace,
Fulfil thy character;
To guard and feed thy choſen race,
In Iſrael's camp appear.

3 Throughout the deſart-way
Conduct us by thy light!
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

4 Our fainting ſouls ſuſtain
With bleſſings from above,
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

HYMN CCLXXVI.

1 JESUS invites his ſaints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels ſit and hold
Communion with their LORD.

2 For food he gives his fleſh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favour! matchleſs grace
Of our deſcending GOD!

3 Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raiſe:
Pleaſure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praiſe.

HYMN CCLXXVII.

DEDICATION TO GOD.

1 ALL glory and praiſe
To th' Ancient of days,
Who was born and was ſlain
To redeem a loſt race.

2 Salvation to GOD,
Who carry'd our load,
And purchas'd our peace
With the price of his blood.

3 And ſhall he not have
The lives which he gave
Such an infinite ranſom
For ever to ſave!

4 Yes, LORD, we are thine,
And gladly reſign
Our ſouls to be fill'd
With the fulneſs divine.

5 We yield thee thine own,
We'd ſerve thee alone,
Thy will upon earth
As in heav'n be done.

6 How, when it ſhall be,
We cannot foreſee;
But O! let us live,
Let us die unto thee!

HYMN CCLXXVIII.

1 THANKFUL for our ev'ry bleſſing,
Let us ſing CHRIST the ſpring,
Never, never ceaſing!

2 Source of all our gifts and graces,
CHRIST we own, CHRIST alone
Calls for all our praiſes.

3 He diſpels our ſin and ſadneſs,
Life imparts, cheers our hearts,
Fills with food and gladneſs.

4 He himſelf for us hath given,
Us he feeds, us he leads
To a feaſt in heaven.

HYMN CCLXXIX.

1 FATHER of mankind, be ever ador'd;
Thy mercy we find in ſending our LORD
To ranſom and bleſs us; thy goodneſs we praiſe
For ſending in JESUS ſalvation by grace.

2 O Son of his love, who deigneſt to die,
Our curſe to remove, our pardon to buy;
Accept our thankſgiving, Almighty to ſave,
Who openeſt heaven to all that believe.

3 O Spirit of love, of health and of pow'r,
Thy working we prove, thy grace we adore:
Whoſe inward revealing applies our LORD's blood,
Atteſting and ſealing us children of GOD.

HYMN CCLXXX.

1 O Let thy love our hearts conſtrain,
Jesus, the crucify'd!
What haſt thou done our hearts to gain?
Languiſh'd, and groan'd, and dy'd!

2 Us into cloſeſt union draw,
And in our inward parts
Let kindneſs ſweetly write her law,
Let love command our hearts.

3 Who wou'd not now purſue the way
Where Jesu's footſteps ſhine?
Who wou'd not own the pleaſing ſway
Of charity divine?

4 O let us find the ancient way,
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force a frowning world to ſay,
SEE HOW THESE CHRISTIANS LOVE!

HYMN CCLXXXI.

1 LORD help us on thy love to feed;
In peace diſmiſs us hence;
Be thou, in ev'ry time of need,
Our refuge and defence.

2 We now deſire to bleſs thy name,
And in our hearts record,
And with our thankful tongues proclaim
The goodneſs of the LORD.

HYMN CCLXXXII.

1 OUR lives, our blood, we here preſent,
If for thy ſake they may be ſpent;
Fulfil thy ſov'reign counſel, LORD,
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd.

2 Give us thy ſtrength, thou GOD of pow'r;
Then let men ſcorn, and Satan roar;
Thy faithful witneſſes we'll be:
'Tis fix'd—we can do all thro' thee.

HYMN CCLXXXIII.

1 HELP us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's croſs to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel another's care.

2 Help us to build each other up,
Our little flock improve;
Increaſe our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

3 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride;
Give us in heav'n a happy lot,
With all the ſanctify'd.

HYMN CCLXXXIV.

1 GLORY unto Jesus be,
From the curſe he ſet us free;
All our guilt on him was laid,
He the ranſom fully paid.

2 All his glorious work is done,
God's well pleaſed in his Son;
For he rais'd him from the dead,
And he reigns his church's head.

3 His redeem'd his praiſe ſhout forth,
Ever glorying in his worth;
Angels ſing around the throne,
Thou art worthy! Thou alone!

4 He will ſoon return again,
And his ſaints with him ſhall reign;
In this hope they joyful ſay
Come Lord Jesus—come away.

HYMN CCLXXXV.

THE BENEFIT OF AFFLICTIONS.

1 THY people Lord, have ever found
'Tis good to bear thy rod;
Afflictions make us learn thy law,
And live upon our God.

2 This is the comfort we enjoy,
When new diſtreſs begins;
We read thy word, we run thy way,
And hate our former ſins.

3 Thy judgments, LORD, are always right,
Tho' they may ſeem ſevere;
The ſharpeſt ſuff'rings we endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

4 Before we knew thy chaſt'ning rod,
Our feet were apt to ſtray;
But now we learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

HYMN CCLXXXVI.

THE BARREN FIG-TREE.

1 THE church a garden is
In which believers ſtand,
Like ornamental trees
Planted by GOD's own hand;
His Spirit waters all their roots,
And ev'ry branch abounds with fruits.

2 But other trees there are
In this incloſure grow,
Which tho' they promiſe fair,
Have only leaves to ſhow;
No fruits of grace are on them found,
They are but cumb'rers of the ground.

3 The under-gardiner grieves,
In vain his ſtrength he ſpends,
For heaps of uſeleſs leaves
Afford him ſmall amends:
He hears the LORD his will make known,
To cut the barren fig-tree down.

4 How difficult his poſt!
What pangs his bowels move!
To find his wiſhes croſt,
His efforts uſeleſs prove:
His laſt relief is earneſt pray'r,
LORD, ſpare them yet another year.

5 Spare them, and let me try
What further means may do;
I'll fresh manure apply,
My digging I'll renew:
Who knows, but yet they fruit may yield,
If not—'tis just they must be fell'd.

6 If under means of grace
No fruits of grace appear,
It is a dreadful case;
Tho' God may long forbear;
At length he'll strike the threat'ned blow,
And lay the barren fig-tree low.

HYMN CCLXXXVII. PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.

2 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen!
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth!
Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

4 Younger plants—the ſight how pleaſant,
Cover'd thick with bloſſoms ſtood;
But they cauſe us grief at preſent,
Froſts have nipp'd them in the bud!
Deareſt Saviour, haſten hither,
Thou canſt make them bloom again;
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

5 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in pray'rs;
Let each one eſteem'd thy ſervant,
Shun the world's bewitching ſnares:
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the ſtony heart to fleſh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afreſh.

HYMN CCLXXXVIII.

On taking a member into society.

1 WELCOME, thou well-belov'd of God,
Thou heir of grace, redeem'd by blood;
Welcome with us thine hand to join,
As partner of our lot divine:
Bleſſings abundant from above,
Give him, we pray, Thou God of Love.

2 With us the pilgrim's ſtate embrace;
We're trav'lling to a bliſsful place,
The new Jeruſalem above,
The radiant throne, the ſeat of love.
The holy Ghoſt that knows the way,
Conduct thee on from day to day!

3 The ſtaff of promiſe now receive,
Thy weary footſteps to relieve,
The chief ſupport the trav'ler knows,
Leaning on which he forward goes.
Thus if for reſt thy ſpirits call,
Leaning on this thou can'ſt not fall.

4 With peace, with ceaſeleſs peace be ſhod,
The ſhoes of peace receive of GOD;
Theſe keep from pain the pilgrim's feet,
And make the rugged way ſeem ſweet.
So Sion's paths ſhall ever prove
The paths of joy, and peace, and love.

5 Thus onward move with upright pace;
Stedfaſt purſue the goſpel-race:
Fill'd with the pow'r of truth divine,
Prove all the ſtrength of JESUS thine.
Commiſſion'd angels ſoon ſhall come,
And waft thee to thy wiſh'd-for home.

HYMN CCLXXXIX.

A WELCOME TO CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.

1 KINDRED in Chriſt, for his dear ſake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give!

2 To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n,
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And ſhortly we ſhall meet in heav'n,
Our hope, our way, our end, the ſame.

3 May he, by whoſe kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications ſweet,
And cauſe our hearts to burn with love!

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When chriſtians ſee each other thus;
We only wiſh to ſpeak of him,
Who liv'd, and dy'd, and reigns for us.

5 We'll talk of all he did and ſaid,
And ſuffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

6 Thus, as the moments paſs away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And haſten on the glorious day,
When we ſhall meet to part no more.

HYMN CCXC. At meeting.

1 BLEST by Jesu's providence,
Lo! we meet again in peace:
May we, when we fly from hence,
Meet in a more glorious place!

2 When we once shall there arrive,
Ever happy we shall reign;
Ever with our Saviour live,
'Midst a host of perfect men.

3 There shall sorrow not intrude,
Grief shall never there appear;
Wash'd in our Redeemer's blood,
We shall stand, made free from fear.

4 Come, dear fellows, joyful, come;
Forward boldly let us press;
Humbly let our souls presume,
Trust in Jesu's righteousness.

5 Pray we for the promis'd hour,
When the family compleat,
Borne on clouds, and girt with pow'r,
In the house above shall meet.

6 Master, hasten on thy day!
Glorious to thy judgment come!
Call thy trav'ling saints away;
Lord, we long to be at home.

HYMN CCXCI. At parting.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in heart.

2 Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And do his work below.

3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucify'd.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace,
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Thus let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

HYMN CCXCII.

For Ministers at parting.

1 WITH all thy pow'r, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to Thee commend;
Our faithful minister secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Give to his footsteps paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil;
Preserve him, Lord, from ev'ry ill.

3 Before his face protection send;
O love him, save him to the end:
Nor let him as thy pilgrim rove,
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, enflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty power exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

HYMN CCXCIII. Morning.

1 RISE, my soul, adore thy Maker;
Angels praise join thy lays,
With them be partaker.

2 Sov'reign Lord of ev'ry ſpirit,
In thy light lead me right,
Thro' my Saviour's merit.

3 Thou this night waſt my protector,
With me ſtay all this day,
Ever my director.

4 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let thy peace be my bliſs,
Till thou hence remove me.

5 Holy, holy, holy Giver
Of all good, life and food,
Reign ador'd for ever.

6 Glory, honour, thanks, and bleſſing,
One in Three, give we thee,
Never, never ceaſing.

HYMN CCXCIV. Evening.

1 ERE I ſleep for ev'ry favour
This day ſhew'd me by my God,
I will bleſs my Saviour.

2 O my Lord! what ſhall I render
To thy name, ſtill the ſame,
Gracious, good and tender.

3 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let thy peace be my bliſs,
Till thou hence remove me.

4 Viſit me with thy ſalvation;
Let thy care now be near,
Round my habitation.

5 Thou, my rock, my guard, my tow'r,
Safely keep, while I ſleep,
Me, with all thy pow'r.

6 And whene'er in death I ſlumber,
Let me riſe with the wiſe,
Counted in their number.

HYMN CCXCV. Evening.

1 DREAD Sovereign let my evening ſong
Like holy incenſe riſe;
Aſſiſt the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty ſkies.

2 Thro' all the dangers of the day
Thy Hand was ſtill my guard,
And ſtill to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy ſtood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual bleſſings from above,
Incompaſs me around;
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found?

4 What have I done for him that dy'd
To ſave my wretched ſoul?
How are my follies multiply'd,
Faſt as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear croſs I flee,
And to thy grace my ſoul reſign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afreſh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to reſt,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breaſt.

HYMN CCXCVI. Morning.

1 AWAKE, my ſoul, and with the ſun
Thy daily ſtage of duty run;
Shake off dull ſloth, and early riſe
To pay thy morning ſacrifice.

2 Redeem thy mis-ſpent time that's paſt,
Live this day as if 'twere thy laſt;
T' improve thy talents take due care,
'Gainſt the great day thyſelf prepare.

5 Let all thy converſe be ſincere,
Thy conſcience as the noon-day clear;
Think how th' all-ſeeing God thy ways,
And all thy ſecret thoughts ſurveys.

4 Glory to God, who ſafe hath kept,
And hath refreſh'd me while I ſlept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death ſhall wake,
I may of endleſs life partake.

5 Direct, controul, ſuggeſt this day,
All I deſign, or do, or ſay;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy ſole glory may unite.

6 Praiſe God, from whom all bleſſings flow;
Praiſe him, all creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, ye heav'nly hoſt;
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

HYMN CCXCVII.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the bleſſings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
Whatever ills this day I've done;
That with the world, myſelf, and thee,
I, ere I ſleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that ſo I may
Triumphing riſe at the laſt day.

4 O may my ſoul on thee repoſe,
And with ſweet ſleep my eyelids cloſe;
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
To ſerve my God when I awake.

5 Let my bleſt guardian, while I ſleep;
Cloſe to my bed his vigils keep;
Let no vain dreams diſturb my reſt,
No pow'rs of darkneſs me moleſt.

6 Praiſe God, from whom all bleſſings flow;
Praiſe him, all creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, ye heav'nly hoſt;
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

HYMN CCXCVIII.

LORD'S DAY MORNING.

1 TO-DAY God bids the faithful reſt,
To day he ſhow'rs his grace;
"Seek ye my face," the Lord hath ſaid:
Lord, we will ſeek thy face.

2 Come, let us leave the things of earth,
With God's aſſembly join;
Lo! heaven deſcends to welcome man
To taſte the things divine!

3 We come, dear Saviour, lo! we come,
Lord of our life and ſoul;
We come diſeas'd, and faint, and ſick;
Be pleas'd to make us whole.

4 We thirſt, and fly to thee, O Lord,
Thou fountain-head of good;
Filthy we come, and all unclean;
O cleanſe us in thy blood.

5 O may we pleaſe our God to-day,
May that be all our care!
Give, Lord, thy grace, leſt evil thoughts
Should mingle in our pray'r.

6 Amidſt th' aſſembly of thy ſaints
Let us be faithful found;
And let us join in humble pray'r,
And in thy praiſe abound.

7 Let thy good Spirit help our ſouls
With faith thy word to hear;
Be with us in thy temple, Lord,
And let us find thee near.

HYMN CCXCIX.

1 THIS is the day, the Lord's own day,
A day of holy reſt;
O teach our ſouls to reſt from ſin,
That reſt will pleaſe thee beſt.
This is the day, the day O Lord,
On which thou didſt ariſe
For ſinners, having made thyſelf
A ſinleſs ſacrifice.

2 Thou, thou alone redeemed haſt
Our ſouls from deadly thrall
With no leſs price than thine own blood,
The purchaſe of us all.
Had'ſt thou not dy'd, we had not liv'd;
But dy'd eternally;
We'll live to him, who dy'd for us
And praiſe his name on high.

3 Thou Lord, didſt die, and riſe again,
And didſt aſcend on high
That we poor ſinners loſt and dead
Might live eternally.
Thy blood was ſhed inſtead of our's,
Thy ſoul our guilt did bear;
Thou took'ſt our ſins, gav'ſt us thyſelf,
Thy love's beyond compare!

4 Welcome and dear unto my ſoul
Is thy moſt holy day!
May I th' eternal ſabbath keep
With God my ſtrength and ſtay,
I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy footſteps Lord, I trace,
I joy to think this is the way
To ſee my Saviour's face.

5 Theſe are my preparation days,
And when my ſoul is dreſt,
Theſe ſabbaths ſhall deliver me
To mine eternal reſt.
To Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt
All glory be therefore,
As in beginning, was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

HYMN CCC. LORD'S DAY EVENING.

1 WHEN, O dear JESUS, when ſhall I
Behold thee all ſerene;
Bleſt in perpetual ſabbath-day,
Without a veil between?

2 Aſſiſt me while I wander here,
Amidſt a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my pray'rs.

3 Releaſe my ſoul from ev'ry chain,
No more hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.

4 Spare me, O GOD, O ſpare the ſoul
That gives itſelf to thee;
Take all that I poſſeſs below,
And give thyſelf to me.

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend;
To light my way to ceaſeleſs joys,
Where ſabbaths never end.

HYMN CCCI.

1 THE LORD, our ſalvation and light,
The guide and the ſtrength of our days;
Has brought us together, to night,
A new Ebenezer to raiſe:
The year, we have now paſſed thro',
His goodneſs with bleſſings has crown'd;
Each morning his mercies were new,
Then let our thankſgivings abound.

2 Encompaſs'd with dangers and ſnares,
Temptations, and fears, and complaints;
His ear he inclin'd to our pray'rs,
His hand open'd wide to our wants:
We never beſought him in vain,
When burden'd with ſorrow or ſin,
He help'd us again and again,
Or where, before now, had we been?

3 His goſpel, throughout the long year,
From ſabbath to ſabbath he gave;
How oft has he met with us here,
And ſhewn himſelf mighty to ſave?
His candleſtick has been remov'd
From churches once privileg'd thus;
But, tho' we unworthy have prov'd,
It ſtill is continu'd to us.

4 For ſo many mercies receiv'd,
Alas! what returns have we made?
His Spirit we often have griev'd,
And evil, for good, have repaid:
How well it becomes us to cry,
"Oh, who is a God like to thee?
Who paſſeſt iniquities by,
And plungeſt them deep in the ſea!"

5 To JESUS, who ſits on the throne,
Our beſt hallelujahs we bring;
To thee it is owing alone,
That we are permitted to ſing:
Aſſiſt us, we pray, to lament
The ſins of the year that is paſt;
And grant that the next may be ſpent
Far more to thy praiſe than the laſt.

HYMN CCCII. For NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

1 AND now, my ſoul, another year
Of thy ſhort life is paſt;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my laſt.

2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern.

4 Now a new scene of time begins,
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In CHRIST so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to GOD,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

HYMN CCCIII.

1 THE LORD of earth and sky,
The GOD of ages praise!
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet did he us in mercy spare
Another, and another year.

3 When justice bare'd the sword,
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our LORD
Cry'd—"Let it still alone:"
The Father mild inclin'd his ear,
And spar'd us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space:
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo! we see another year.

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound.
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

HYMN CCCIV.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted thro' the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find,
As the light'ning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upwards, Lord, our Spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless the Word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

HYMN CCCV. Prayer for a Blessing.

1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone!

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

4 Send down thy Spirit from above
That saints may love thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never lov'd before.

5 And when before thee we appear
In our eternal home;
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

HYMN CCCVI. Circumcision.

1 SEE, my soul, with wonder see
The incarnate Deity;
Human nature he assumes,
He to ransom sinners comes:
He was not conceiv'd in sin,
He was infinitely clean;
Him no sinful spot disguis'd,
Yet, lo! he was circumcis'd.

2 Jesu's pain procures our ease;
Jesu's death is our release;
Jesu's cross obtains our crown;
Jesu's sepulchre our throne:
Lord, conform us to thy death,
Bid our sins yield up their breath;
By thy resurrection's pow'r
Make our souls to glory soar.

3 Circumcise our filthy hearts;
Purify our inward parts;
LORD, destroy the carnal mind,
That in thee we peace may find:
In thy righteousness array'd,
Let us triumph, and be glad;
Let us walk with thee in white,
Let us see thy face in light.

HYMN CCCVII. EPIPHANY.

1 SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star;
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

2 Fear not hence that there shall flow
Wars, or pestilence below;
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ush'ring in the Prince of peace.

3 Mild he shines on all beneath,
Piercing thro' the shades of death;
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

4 Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your GOD appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.

5 There behold the Day-spring rise,
Pouring eye-sight on your eyes;
GOD in his own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day.

6 Sing, ye morning-stars, again;
GOD descends on earth to reign!
Deigns for man his life t' employ,
Shout, ye sons of GOD, for joy.

HYMN CCCVIII. GOOD-FRIDAY.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree!
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the ſun in darkneſs hide,
And ſhut his glories in;
When CHRIST the mighty Maker dy'd,
For man the creature's ſin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear croſs appears;
Diſſolve my heart in thankfulneſs,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, LORD, I give myſelf away,
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN CCCIX. REPENTANCE AT THE CROSS.

1 O! If my ſoul was form'd for wo,
How wou'd I vent my ſighs!
Repentance ſhould like rivers flow
From both my ſtreaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my ſins my deareſt LORD
Hung on the curſed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life,
For thee, my ſoul, for thee.

3 O how I hate thoſe luſts of mine
That crucify'd my GOD;
Thoſe ſins that pierc'd and nail'd his fleſh
Faſt to the fatal wood.

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they ſhall die,
My heart hath ſo decreed;
Nor will I ſpare thoſe guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilſt with a melting, broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raiſe revenge againſt my ſins,
And ſlay the murd'rers too.

HYMN CCCX. IT IS FINISHED.

1 "TIS FINISH'D," the Redeemer ſaid,
And meekly bow'd his dying head;
Whilſt we this ſentence ſcan,
Come, ſinners, and obſerve the word,
Behold the conqueſts of the Lord,
Compleat for helpleſs man.

2 FINISH'D the righteouſneſs of grace,
FINISH'D for ſinners pard'ning peace;
Their mighty debt is paid:
Accuſing law cancell'd by blood,
And wrath of an offending GOD,
In ſweet oblivion laid.

3 Who now ſhall urge a ſecond claim?
The law no longer can condemn;
Faith a releaſe can ſhew:
Juſtice itſelf a friend appears,
The priſon-houſe a whiſper hears,
"Looſe him, and let him go."

4 O unbelief, injurious bar!
Source of tormenting, fruitleſs fear,
Why doſt thou yet reply?
Where'er thy loud objections fall,
"'TIS FINISH'D," ſtill may anſwer all,
And ſilence ev'ry cry.

5 His toil divinely finiſh'd ſtands,
But ah! the praiſe his work demands,
Careful may we attend!
Concluſion to our ſouls be this,
Becauſe ſalvation finiſh'd is,
Our thanks ſhall never end.

HYMN CCCXI. The rising Saviour.

1 HE dies! the friend of ſinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around,
A ſolemn darkneſs veils the ſkies!
A ſudden trembling ſhakes the ground!
Come, ſaints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load!
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richer blood!

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what ſudden joys we ſee,
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The riſing God forſakes the tomb:
(The tomb in vain forbids his riſe)
Angelic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies!

3 Break off your tears, ye ſaints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter death in chains:
Say, "live for ever wond'rous King!
"Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave!"
Then aſk the monſter—"where's thy ſting?
"And where's thy vict'ry, boaſting grave?"

HYMN CCCXII. Easter-day.

1 JESUS, who dy'd a world to ſave,
Revives and riſes from the grave,
By his almighty pow'r:
From ſin, and death, and hell ſet free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

2 Children of God, look up and ſee
Your Saviour cloth'd with majeſty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb:
Give o'er your griefs, caſt off your fears,
In heav'n your manſions he prepares,
And ſoon will take you home.

3 His church is ſtill his joy and crown,
He looks with love and pity down
On her he did redeem:
He taſtes her joys, he feels her woes,
And prays that ſhe may ſpoil her foes,
And ever reign with him.

4 O may we all from ſin awake,
May all in heav'n our places take,
Near our exalted Head!
May all our ſouls to heav'n aſpire,
In thought, in will, in ſtrong deſire,
To carnal pleaſures dead!

HYMN CCCXIII.

1 CHRIST the LORD is ris'n to day,
Sons of men and angels ſay!
Raiſe your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our ſun's eclipſe is o'er,
Lo! he ſets in blood no more.

3 Vain the ſtone, the watch, the ſeal;
CHRIST hath burſt the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his riſe;
CHRIST hath open'd Paradiſe.

4 Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O death, is now thy ſting!
Once he dy'd our ſouls to ſave,
Where thy victory, O grave!

5 Soar we now where CHRIST hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we riſe,
Ours the croſs, the grave, the ſkies.

6 What tho' once we periſh'd all,
Partners of our parents fall;
Second life we all receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.

7 Hail, the LORD of earth and heav'n!
Praiſe to thee by both be giv'n!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail, the reſurrection—Thou!

8 King of glory! ſoul of bliſs!
Everlaſting life is this—
Thee to know, thy pow'r to prove;
Thus to ſing, and thus to love.

HYMN CCCXIV.

1 BEHOLD! the bright morning appears,
And JESUS revives from the grave;
His riſing removes all our fears,
And ſhews him almighty to ſave.
How ſtrong were his tears and his cries!
The worth of his blood how divine!
How perfect his ſacrifice is,
Who roſe, tho' he ſuffer'd for ſin!

2 The man who was crowned with thorns,
The man who on Calvary dy'd,
The man who bore ſcourging and ſcorn,
Whom ſinners agreed to deride;
Now bleſſed for ever is made,
And life has rewarded his pain;
Now glory has crowned his head,
Heav'n ſings of the Lamb that was ſlain.

3 Believing, we ſhare in his joy;
By faith we partake of his reſt;
In hope we can cheerfully die;
For with him we expect to be bleſt.
This makes us regardleſs of fame,
And riches and honours deſpiſe;
We ſuffer for JESUS's name,
And die that with him we may riſe.

4 We wait for his coming again,
To raiſe us in glory with him;
Then gladneſs his ſaints ſhall obtain,
His foes ſhall be clothed with ſhame.
Then ſhall his afflicted and poor,
From duſt and the dunghill be rais'd;
Their want and diſgrace are no more:
By him they with Princes are plac'd.

5 Then will he moſt fully reward
The kindneſſes done to his name;
For faithfully he hath declar'd,
He takes them as deeds done to him;
"Ye bleſt of my Father come near,
Sit down on my heavenly throne
Inherit the kingdom prepar'd
For thoſe who delight in his ſon."

6 Then let us look forward to this,
And joyfully take up his croſs;
His ſervants ſhall be where he is,
And all that we loſe is but droſs;
They're honour'd whom he ſhall approve,
Their riches ſhall never decay;
Their joy is complete in his love,
Their tears ſhall be all wip'd away.

HYMN CCCXV.

The resurrection and ascension of Christ.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That cloth'd himſelf in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our IMMANUEL roſe;
He took the tyrant's ſting away,
And ſpoil'd our helliſh foes.

3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies;
With ſcars of honour in his fleſh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 Raiſe your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bleſt abode;
Sweet be the accents of our ſongs,
To our incarnate GOD.

5 Bright Angels, ſtrike your loudeſt ſtrings,
Your ſweeteſt voices raiſe;
Let heav'n, and all created things,
Sound our IMMANUEL'S praiſe.

HYMN CCCXVI.

1 HEAR, O Heav'ns! O earth attend!
Creation hear the joyful ſound!
CHRIST who died, is ris'n again,
And with endleſs glory crown'd.

2 Hence flows hope to guilty man,
Hence our way is pav'd to Heav'n,
JESUS died for our ſins,
Now he lives and we're forgiv'n.

3 What tho' we are worthleſs all,
Sinners 'gainſt the richeſt grace!
Wrath divine is now appeas'd,
Boundleſs mercy now takes place.

4 See! our Interceſſor lives,
Hear him plead before the throne!
Father ſave my guilty flock,
Save for now thy will is done:

5 Theſe are they whom I have lov'd,
They whom thou to me didſt give;
Theſe I purchas'd with my blood;
Since I dy'd O let them live.

6 Juſt O well belov'd thy plea,
Juſt whate'er thy lips can crave;
Thou haſt dy'd for guilty men,
Now I can be juſt and ſave.

7 Save then theſe thy much lov'd ſheep,
Save them all, for they are thine;
Bleſs, as I have honour'd thee;
Let them be for ever mine.

8 Bleſſed God! what grace is here!
How ſhall ſinners grateful prove?
How that gratitude expreſs
For thy rich preventing love!

9 How! but by their love to thee,
To thy people, to thy laws,
Daily taking up their croſs,
Gladly ſuff'ring for thy cauſe?

HYMN. CCCXVII. Ascension.

1 HAIL the day that ſees him riſe,
Raviſh'd from our wiſhful eyes!
Christ awhile to mortals giv'n,
Re-aſcends his native heav'n:
There the pompous triumph waits,
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant ſcene,
Take the King of glory in!

2 Him, tho' higheſt heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Tho' returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own:
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himſelf prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Maſter (may we ever ſay)
Taken from our head to-day;
See thy faithful ſervants, ſee,
Ever gazing up to thee!

Grant, tho' parted from our ſight,
High above yon azure height:
Grant our hearts may thither riſe,
Following thee beyond the ſkies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our LORD ſhall come,
Longing, gaſping after home:
There we ſhall with thee remain,
Partners of thine endleſs reign;
There thy face unclouded ſee,
Find our heav'n of heav'n in thee.

HYMN CCCXVIII. WHITSUNDAY.

1 JESU, we hang upon the word
Our longing ſouls have heard from thee;
Be mindful of thy promiſe, LORD,
Thy promiſe made to all, and me:
Thy followers, who thy ſteps purſue,
And dare believe that GOD is true.

2 Thou ſaidſt, I will the Father pray,
And he the Holy Ghoſt ſhall give,
Shall give him in your hearts to ſtay,
And never more his temples leave:
Myſelf will to my children come,
And make them mine eternal home.

3 Come then, dear LORD, thyſelf reveal,
And let thy promiſe now take place;
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word of grace:
Thy ſorrowful diſciples cheer,
And ſend us down the Comforter.

4 He viſits now the troubled breaſt,
And oft relieves our ſad complaint;
But ſoon we loſe the tranſient gueſt,
But ſoon we droop again, and faint:
Repeat the melancholy moan—
"Our joy is fled, our comfort gone."

5 Send him, O Lord, into each heart,
Our ſure inſeparable guide:
O might we meet, and never part;
O might he in our hearts abide,
And keep his houſe of praiſe and pray'r,
And reſt, and reign for ever there.

HYMN CCCXIX.

Breathing after the Spirit.

1 COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of ſacred love
In theſe cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of theſe earthly toys;
Our ſouls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal ſongs,
In vain we ſtrive to riſe;
Hoſannas languiſh on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and ſhall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love ſo faint, ſo cold to thee,
And thine to us ſo great?

5 Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come ſhed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

HYMN CCCXX. *John* xvii. 24.

1 O For a ſweet inſpiring ray,
To animate our feeble ſtrains,
From the bright realms of endleſs day,
The bliſsful realms where Jesus reigns.

2 There low before his glorious throne
Adoring ſaints and angels fall,
And with delightful worſhip own
His ſmile their bliſs, their heav'n, their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs riſe,
And love, and joy, and triumph ſpread
Thro' all th' aſſemblies of the ſkies.

4 He ſmiles, and ſeraphs tune their ſongs
To boundleſs rapture while they gaze;
Ten thouſand thouſand joyful tongues
Reſound his everlaſting praiſe.

5 There all the ranſom'd of the Lamb
Shall join at laſt the heav'nly choir;
O may the joy-inſpiring theme
Awake our faith, and warm deſire!

6 Dear Savior, let thy Spirit ſeal
Our intereſt in that bliſsful place;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

HYMN CCCXXI. To the Trinity.

1 PRAISE be to the Father giv'n,
Chriſt he gave us to ſave,
Now the heirs of heav'n.

2 Pay we equal adoration
To the Son, he alone
Wrought out our ſalvation.

3 Glory to th' Eternal Spirit,
Us he ſeals, Chriſt reveals,
And applies his merit.

4 Worſhip, honour, thanks and bleſſing,
One in three, give we thee,
Never, never ceaſing.

HYMN CCCXXII. The NATIVITY.

1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the riches of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN CCCXXIII.

1 HARK! the herald-angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
"God and sinners reconcil'd."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies,
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

2 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb:
Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

3 Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of peace;
Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings:
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

4 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix us in thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head:
Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place;
Second Adam from above,
Re-inflate us in thy love.

HYMN CCCXXIV.

1 COME, thou long expected Jesus!
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee?
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear Desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart!

2 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring!

By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-ſufficient merit,
Raiſe us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN CCCXXV.

1 LIFT up your heads in joyful hope,
Salute the happy morn;
Each heav'nly power
Proclaims the glad hour,
Lo! Jeſus the Saviour is born!

2 All glory be to God on high,
To him all praiſe is due:
The promiſe is ſeal'd,
The Saviour's reveal'd,
And proves that the record is true.

3 Let joy around like rivers flow,
Flow on, and ſtill increaſe;
Spread o'er the glad earth,
At Jesus's birth,
For heaven and earth are at peace.

4 Now the good-will of heav'n is ſhewn
Tow'rds Adam's helpleſs race;
Meſſiah is come
To ranſom his own,
To ſave them by infinite grace.

5 Then let us join the heav'ns above,
Where hymning ſeraphs ſing,
Join all the glad pow'rs,
For their Lord is ours,
Our Prieſt, our Prophet and King.

HYMN CCCXXVI.

SICKNESS, OR DIVINE CORRECTION.

1 HOW happy the ſorrowful man,
Whoſe ſorrow is ſent from above!
Indulg'd with a viſit of pain,
Chaſtis'd by omnipotent love:

The Author of all his diſtreſs,
He comes by afflictions to know;
And GOD he in heaven hall bleſs,
That ever he ſuffer'd below.

2 Thus, thus may I happily grieve,
And hear the intent of his rod,
The marks of adoption receive,
The ſtrokes of a merciful GOD;
With nearer acceſs to his throne,
My burden of folly confeſs,
The cauſe of my miſeries own,
And cry for an anſwer of peace.

3 O Father of mercies, on me,
On me in affliction beſtow
A pow'r of applying to thee,
A ſanctify'd uſe of my wo:
I would in a Spirit of prayer
To all thy appointments ſubmit;
The pledge of my happineſs bear,
And joyfully die at thy feet.

4 Then, Father, and never till then,
I all the felicity prove,
Of living a moment in pain,
Of dying in JESUS's love:
A ſufferer here with my Lord,
With JESUS above I ſit down,
Receive an eternal reward,
And glory obtain in a crown.

HYMN CCCXXVII.

THE GRAVE SANCTIFIED BY CHRIST.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or ſhake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that JESUS ſends
To call them to his arms.

2 Why ſhould we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear fleſh of Jeſus lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all the ſaints he bleſs,
And ſoft'ned ev'ry bed:
Where ſhould the dying members reſt,
But with the dying head?

4 Thence he aroſe and burſt the chain,
To ſhew our feet the way
From ſhades where death and darkneſs reign,
To realms of endleſs day.

5 Then let the laſt loud trumpet ſound,
And bid his kindred riſe;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye ſaints, aſcend the ſkies.

HYMN CCCXXVIII.

On the death of a young person.

1 WHEN blooming youth is ſnatch'd away
By death's reſiſtleſs hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity muſt demand.

2 While pity prompts the riſing ſigh,
O may this truth, impreſt
With awful pow'r—I too muſt die—
Sink deep in ev'ry breaſt.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb?
It bids us ſeize the preſent hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming ſcene,
May ev'ry heart obey;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly, to Jeſus fly,
Whoſe pow'rful arm can ſave;
Then ſhall our hopes aſcend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy ſov'reign grace impart,
With cleanſing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's ſurpriſing hour.

HYMN CCCXXIX.

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die:
My ſoul ſhall quit the mournful vale,
And ſoar to worlds on high:
Shall join the diſembody'd ſaints,
And find its long-ſought reſt,
That only bliſs for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breaſt.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the croſs ſuſtain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And ſmile at toil and pain:
I ſuffer on my threeſcore years,
Till my deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his ſervant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my raviſh'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I ſee,
And trees of Paradiſe:
I ſee a world of ſpirits bright,
Who taſte the pleaſures there;
They all are rob'd in ſpotleſs white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4 O what are all my ſuff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptur'd hoſt t' appear,
And worſhip at thy feet!

Give joy or grief, give eaſe or pain,
Take life and friends away!
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day!

HYMN CCCXXX. Life and Eternity.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name;
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

2 Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As months and days increaſe,
And ev'ry beating pulſe we tell,
Leaves one the number leſs.

3 The year rolls round, and ſteals away,
The breath that firſt it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

4 Dangers ſtand thick thro' all the ground
To puſh us to the tomb;
And fierce diſeaſes wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a ſlender thread
Hang everlaſting things;
Th' eternal ſtates of all the dead
Upon life's feeble ſtrings.

6 Infinite joy, or endleſs woe
Attend on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death.

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowſy ſenſe,
To walk this dang'rous road:
And if our ſouls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN CCCXXXI.

1 IN a world of ſin and ſorrow,
Compaſs'd round with many a care,
From eternity we borrow
Hope, that can exclude deſpair:
Thee, triumphant GOD and SAVIOUR!
To the glaſs of faith we ſee;
O aſſiſt each faint endeavour;
Raiſe our earth-born ſouls to thee.

2 Place that awful ſcene before us,
Of the laſt tremendous day;
When to life thou ſhalt reſtore us,
Ling'ring ages, haſte away!
Then this vile and ſinful nature
Incorruption ſhall put on;
Life renewing, glorious Saviour!
Let thy gracious will be done.

HYMN CCCXXXII.

ON THE DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

1 'TIS finiſh'd, 'tis done! the ſpirit is fled,
The priſ'ner is gone, the chriſtian is dead:
The chriſtian is living thro' JESUS's love,
And gladly receiving a kingdom above.

2 All honour and praiſe is JESUS's due;
Supported by grace, he fought his way thro';
Triumphantly glorious, thro' JESUS's zeal,
And more than victorious o'er ſin, death and hell.

3 Then let us record the conquering name,
Our Captain and LORD with ſhoutings proclaim:
Who truſt in his paſſion, and follow our Head,
To certain ſalvation we all ſhall be led.

4 O JESUS, lead on thy militant care,
And give us the crown of righteouſneſs there;
Where dazzled with glory the ſeraphim gaze,
Or proſtrate adore thee in ſilence of praiſe.

5 Come, Lord, and display thy sign in the sky,
And bear us away to mansions on high:
The kingdom be giv'n, the purchase divine,
And crown us in heav'n eternally thine.

HYMN CCCXXXIII.

1 HE comes! he comes! the Saviour dear,
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His light'nings flash, his thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful soul;
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the faithful soul.

2 From heav'n angelic voices sound!
See the almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own,
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord:
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
Hail him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our God, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns;
Ever, ever, ever, ever,
Ever and for ever reigns.

5 The Father praise, the Son adore,
The Spirit bless for evermore;
Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome thee, great Three-in-one!
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome thee, great Three-in-one.

HYMN CCCXXXIV.

1 HARK! the trump of God doth sound;
Th' archangel's voice is heard on high:
Now the LORD himself descends,
With a shout that rends the sky.

2 See, his dead have heard the sound!
Spring immortal from the tomb,
And with rapture meet their LORD,
Crying, "now thy kingdom's come!"

3 Lo! his people too on earth,
In a moment chang'd all rise,
In the clouds caught up with them,
To meet their Saviour in the skies.

4 See! mortality of life,
Swallow'd up eternally!
Death, O Death! where is thy sting?
Where, O Grave! thy victory?

5 Now, all tears are wip'd away;
Free from curse and free from pain,
All CHRIST's people now with him,
Kings, and Priests for ever reign.

6 In the hope of all this joy,
Let us brethren, still be found
Stedfast in the faith of CHRIST,
And in love let us abound.

7 Let his matchless love and grace
To his work our souls constrain,
Knowing that our labour wrought
In the Lord shall not be vain.

HYMN CCCXXXV.

1 HAIL! hail! the happy, wish'd for day,
When JESUS shall appear:
When the last trumpet loud shall sound,
And all the dead shall hear.

2 They'll burſt the bands of death with joy,
And loud Hoſanna's raiſe:
In him who lov'd them they'll rejoice,
And glorious make his praiſe.

3 "Thou, thou art worthy" ſtill ſhall be
The burden of their ſong;
Thou haſt redeem'd us, and to thee
The glory doth belong.

4 We hope to join the grateful note,
And with loud triumph ſing
"Where? where's thy vict'ry now, O grave?
O death! where is thy ſting?

HYMN CCCXXXVI.

1 OUR Life is hid with CHRIST in GOD;
When CHRIST our Life appears,
His people he'll with glory crown,
And wipe away their tears.

2 Let this, my ſoul, be all thy hope,
Let this thy thoughts employ;
Thro' this bleſt hope, in death itſelf,
There's glorious room for joy.

HYMN CCCXXXVII.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

1 LO! He comes with clouds deſcending
Once for favour'd ſinners ſlain!
Thouſand thouſand ſaints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Ev'ry eye ſhall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majeſty;
Thoſe who ſet at nought and ſold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Meſſiah ſee.

3 Ev'ry Island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him, must confounded
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now Redemption, long expected,
See! in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of GOD appear!

5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit
Hasten, LORD, the gen'ral doom!
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come!

6 Yea! Amen! Let all adore Thee,
High on thine eternal Throne!
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory:
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, LORD, come!

HYMN CCCXXXVIII. The Jubilee.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Son of GOD,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
To all the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Ye, who have sold for nought
Your heritage above;
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love:
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 The gospel-trumpet sounds;
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remotest bounds
Before the throne appear:
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN CCCXXXIX.

Saturday evening.

1 SAFELY thro' another week
God has brought us on our way,
Let us now a blessing seek
On th' approaching sabbath-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiply'd each hour
Thro' the week our praise demands;
Guarded by almighty pow'r,
Fed and guarded by his hand:
Tho' ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of sin.

3 While we pray for pard'ning grace
In the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Shine away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this night with thee.

4 When the morn shall bid us raise,
May we feel thy presence near,
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear;
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

5 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all our wants:
Thus let all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

HYMN CCCXL. Heaven.

1 THERE is a land of living joy,
Beyond the utmost skies,
Where scenes of bliss without alloy,
In boundless prospects rise.

2 High-seated on a blazing throne
Th' eternal God appears,
Puts all his smiling glories on,
And awes at once, and cheers.

3 The slaughter'd Lamb at his right hand
Assumes his royal seat,
Adoring angels round him stand,
His ministers of state.

4 Each breast with strong devotion glows,
Love ev'ry heart inspires,
While God's own Spirit gently blows,
And fans these holy fires.

5 In strains celestial, ev'ry tongue
Shall God's high praise proclaim:
And all in concert join the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN CCCXLI.

A prospect of the resurrection.

1 HOW long shall Death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

2 Lo, I behold the ſcatter'd ſhades,
The dawn of heav'n appears,
The ſweet immortal morning ſpreads
Its bluſhes round the ſpheres.

3 I ſee the LORD of glory come,
And flaming guards around,
The ſkies divide to make him room,
The trumpet ſhakes the ground.

4 I hear the voice, "YE DEAD ARISE;"
And lo, the graves obey;
And waking ſaints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

5 They leave the duſt, and on the wing
Riſe to the mid-way air,
In ſhining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

6 O may our humble ſpirits ſtand
Among them cloth'd in white!
The meaneſt place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

7 How will our joy and wonder riſe,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward thro' the ſkies,
On love's triumphant wing!

HYMN CCCXLII.

1 THE haſt'ning day ſhall ſoon arrive,
When awful death ſhall come,
And cloſe the ſcene of this vain Life,
In darkneſs and the tomb.

2 O! may the Living Word, the Light,
Which glorious ſcenes diſplays,
In that dread hour, diſpel the night
With everlaſting rays.

3 When in the dark and diſmal road,
Which we are doom'd to tread,
Our comfort be the word of GOD,
Our rock, our ſtrength, our ſhade!

4 His word, who dy'd upon the tree,
Can fortify the heart,
And ev'n in death, our minds can free,
And bid all fear depart.

5 For he's alive, who once was slain,
And reigns exalted high;
His word can raise us up again,
Tho' in the grave we lie.

HYMN CCCXLIII. The Joys of heaven.

1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Then to the shining seats of bliss
The wings of faith shall soar,
And all the charms of paradise
Our raptur'd thoughts explore.

3 Pleasures unfully'd flourish there,
Beyond the reach of time;
Not blooming Eden smil'd so fair
In all her flow'ry prime.

4 Sorrow and pain, and every care
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy and love sincere
Adorn the realms of peace.

5 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its pow'r no more;
But cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

6 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

7 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love
Our feeble notes inspire;
'Till in thy blissful courts above
We join th' angelic choirs.

HYMN CCCXLIV.

THE HAPPINESS OF BEING WITH CHRIST.

1 WHILE on the verge of life I ſtand,
And view the ſcene on either hand,
My ſpirit ſtruggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Where JESUS dwells my ſoul wou'd be;
And faints my much-lov'd LORD to ſee;
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.

3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;
Ye know the way to JESU's throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own.

4 That bliſsful interview, how ſweet!
To fall tranſported at his feet!
Rais'd in his arms, to view his face,
Thro' the full beamings of his grace!

5 As with a Seraph's voice to ſing!
To fly as on a Cherub's wing!
Performing with unweary'd hands
The preſent Saviour's high commands.

6 Yet with theſe proſpects full in ſight,
We'll wait thy ſignal for the flight;
For while thy ſervice we purſue,
We find a heaven begun below.

HYMN CCCXLV.

SALVATION APPROACHING. *Rom.* xiii. 11.

1 AWAKE, ye ſaints, and lift your eyes,
And raiſe your voices high,
Awake, and praiſe that ſov'reign love
That ſhews ſalvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year.

3 Not many years their round ſhall run,
Nor many mornings riſe,
Ere all its glories ſtand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, ſpeed your courſe;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Faſt as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

HYMN CCCXLVI.

SALVATION DRAWING NEARER. *Rom.* xiii.

1 DARKNESS overſpreads us here,
But the night wears faſt away;
Jacob's ſtar will ſoon appear,
Leading on eternal day!
Now 'tis time to rouſe from ſleep,
Trim our lamps and ſtand prepar'd;
For our LORD ſtrict watch to keep,
Leſt he find us off our guard.

2 Let his people courage take,
Bear with a ſubmiſſive mind
All they ſuffer for his ſake,
Rich amends they ſoon will find:
He will wipe away their tears,
Near himſelf appoint their lot;
All their ſorrows, pains and fears,
Quickly then will be forgot.

3 Tho' already ſav'd by grace,
From the hour we firſt believ'd;
Yet while ſin and war have place,
We have but a part receiv'd:
Still we for ſalvation wait,
Ev'ry hour it nearer comes!
Death will break the priſon gate,
And admit us to our homes.

HYMN CCCXLVII.

THE FUTURE PEACE AND GLORY OF THE CHURCH, *Isa.* lx. 15—20.

1 HEAR what GOD, the LORD hath ſpoken,
O my people, faint and few;
Comfortleſs, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you:
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You ſhall name your walls, Salvation,
And your gates ſhall all be praiſe.

2 There, like ſtreams that feed the garden,
Pleaſures, without end, ſhall flow;
For the LORD, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty ſhall beſtow:
Still in undiſturb'd poſſeſſion,
Peace and righteouſneſs ſhall reign;
Never ſhall you feel oppreſſion,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye no more your ſuns deſcending,
Waning moons no more ſhall ſee;
But your griefs, for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
GOD ſhall riſe, and ſhining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the LORD, ſhall be your glory,
GOD your everlaſting light.

HYMN CCCXLVIII. THE PASSING BELL.

1 OFT as the bell with ſolemn toll
Speaks the departure of a ſoul,
Let each one aſk himſelf, Am I
Prepar'd, ſhould I be call'd to die?

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preſerves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.

3 Then leaving all I love below,
To God's tribunal I muſt go;
Muſt hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlaſting ſtate.

4 But could I bear to hear him ſay,
"Depart, accurſed, far away;
With devils in the loweſt hell
Thou art for ever doom'd to dwell."

5 Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,
And ſeek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my ſins, and in me live.

6 Then when the ſolemn bell I hear,
If ſav'd from guilt, I need not fear:
Nor would the thought diſtreſſing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

7 Rather my ſpirit would rejoice,
And wait impatient for thy voice;
Glad when it bids me earth reſign,
Secure of heaven, if thou art mine.

HYMN CCCXLIX.

Upon going forth to preach.

1 FORTH in thy ſtrength, O Lord, we go,
Thy goſpel to proclaim;
Thine only righteouſneſs to ſhew,
And gloryfy thy name.

2 Vouchſafe thine aid to ſpeak thy word
In this appointed hour!
Attend it with thy Spirit, Lord,
And let it come with pow'r.

3 Open the hearts of all that hear,
To make their Saviour room:
Now let me find redemption near,
Let faith by hearing come.

4 Give them to hear the word as thine;
And while they thus receive,
Prove it the ſaving pow'r divine,
To ſinners that believe.

HYMN CCCL.

AFTER RETURNING FROM PREACHING.

1 GLORY to thee our Chriſt be giv'n,
For this thy goſpel word,
Thanks for the news reveal'd from heav'n,
SALVATION from the LORD.

2 Glory to thy great name alone,
That life and pow'r imparts;
Now, Lord, thy goſpel-meſſage own,
And graft it on their hearts.

3 Now let them feel the tidings true;
Grant to thy word ſucceſs;
Water it with thy heav'nly dew,
And give the wiſh'd increaſe.

4 Savour of life, O let it prove,
And ſhew their ſins forgiv'n!
Give them that faith which works by love,
Which ſweetly leads to heav'n.

HYMN CCCLI. PRAYER FOR CHILDREN.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, our children ſee,
By thy mercy we are free;
But ſhall theſe, alas! remain
Subjects ſtill of Satan's reign?
Iſrael's young ones, when of old
Pharaoh threat'ned to withhold;
Then thy meſſenger ſaid, "No;
Let the children alſo go."

2 When the angel of the Lord
Drawing forth his dreadful ſword,
Slew, with an avenging hand,
All the firſt-born of the land:
Then thy peoples doors he paſs'd,
Where the bloody ſign was plac'd;
Hear us, now, upon our knees,
Plead the blood of Chriſt for theſe!

3 Lord we tremble, for we know
How the fierce malicious foe,
Wheeling round his watchful flight,
Keeps them ever in his sight:
Spread thy pinions, King of kings!
Hide them safe beneath thy wings;
Left the rav'nous bird of prey
Stoop, and bear the brood away.

HYMN CCCLII.

A HYMN FOR A NATIONAL FAST-DAY.

1 SEE gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace, alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful pow'r display:
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 What num'rous crimes increasing rise
Through this apostate isle!
What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile!

4 How chang'd, alas, are truths divine
For error, guilt and shame!
What impious numbers bold in sin,
Disgrace the christian name!

5 Regardless of thy smile or frown
Their pleasures they require;
And sink, with gay indiff'rence, down
To everlasting fire.

6 O turn thou us almighty Lord
By thine all-conqu'ring grace!
Then shall our hearts receive thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

7 Then ſhould inſulting foes invade,
We need not yield to fear:
Secure of never-failing aid,
If GOD, our GOD, is near.

HYMN CCCLIII. CONFESSION AND PRAYER.

1 OH, may the pow'r which melts the rock
Be felt by all aſſembled here!
Or elſe our ſervice will but mock
The GOD whom ye profeſs to fear!

2 Lord, while thy judgments ſhake the land,
Thy peoples eyes are fix'd on thee!
We own thy juſt, uplifted hand,
Which thouſands cannot, will not ſee.

3 How long haſt thou beſtow'd thy care
On this indulg'd ungrateful ſpot?
While other nations, far and near,
Have envy'd and admir'd our lot.

4 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
The glorious goſpel brightly ſhone;
And oft our enemies have felt
That GOD has made our cauſe his own.

5 But ah! both heav'n and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love!
We, whom like children he has rear'd,
Rebels againſt his goodneſs prove.

6 His grace deſpis'd, his pow'r defy'd,
And legions of the blackeſt crimes,
Profaneneſs, riot, luſt, and pride,
Are ſigns that mark the preſent times.

7 The Lord, diſpleas'd, has rais'd his rod;
Ah where are now the faithful few
Who tremble for the ark of GOD,
And know what Iſrael ought to do?

3 Lord, hear thy people ev'ry where,
Who meet to mourn, confeſs and pray;
The nation and thy churches ſpare,
And let thy wrath be turn'd away.

HYMN CCCLIV.

1 DREADFUL ſin chaſtiſing God,
If the decree is paſt,
If the long impending rod
Muſt ſcourge our land at laſt;
When thou riſeſt to reprove
The ſinners who thy judgments dare,
Spare the remnant Lord, in Love,
Thy praying people ſpare.

2 If on ſuch a land as this,
Thou muſt avenged be,
Yet preſerve in perfect peace,
The ſouls that truſt in thee:
Hide their precious lives above,
And make them thy peculiar care,
Spare the remnant Lord, in Love
Thy praying people ſpare.

3 Mark the men who deeply ſigh
Our nature's guilt to view;
Hear their deprecating cry,
And ſave the mournful few:
Far from them thy plague remove,
The famine and the waſte of war:
Spare the remnant Lord, in Love,
Thy praying people ſpare.

4 On thy little flock of ſheep
O let thy goodneſs ſhine!
Smile on us who wiſh to weep
Beneath the hand divine.
Help us O thou holy Dove,
To breathe the much availing pray'r,
Spare the remnant Lord, in Love,
Thy praying people ſpare.

HYMN CCCLV. The Propitiation.

1 CHARG'D with the complicated load
Of all his people's debt,
By faith I see the Lamb of God
Expire beneath its weight.

2 My guilt transfer'd from me to him,
Shall never more be found;
Lost in his blood's atoning stream,
And in that fountain drown'd.

3 My mighty sins to thee are known,
But mightier still is he,
Who laid his Life a ransom down
And pleads his death for me.

HYMN CCCLVI. On the lapse of time.

1 COME, let us anew,
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till our Master appear!
His adorable will,
Let us gladly fulfil;
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream,
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone;
The millenial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here!

3 O that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way thro',
"I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do!"
O that each from his Lord,
May receive the glad word;
"Well and faithfully done,
"Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

HYMN CCCLVII. At Dismission.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood;
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all *Depart in Peace.*

HYMN CCCLVIII.

1 JESUS, knit all our hearts to thee;
And join us all in one;
In our assemblies, ev'ry where,
Be thou our aim alone.

2 Reign thou sole monarch of our hearts;
And we, as sinners lie
Before the feet of thee, our Lord,
To all eternity.

HYMN CCCLIX.

1 FATHER, before we hence depart
Send thy good Spirit down;
Let him reside in ev'ry heart,
And bless the seed that's sown.

2 Thou fountain of eternal love,
Who gav'st thy Son to die;
O let thy Spirit from above,
Enlighten and apply.

HYMN CCCLX.

1 ONCE more before we part
We'll bless the Saviour's Name;
Record his mercies ev'ry heart,
Sing ev'ry tongue the same.

2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon, and grow;
Go on to seek to know the Lord,
And practise what you know.

HYMN CCCLXI.

1 NOW may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep!

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night!

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the cov'nant seal'd with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

HYMN CCCLXII. Dismission.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us, &c.
Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
Ever faithful, &c.
To the truth may we be found!

3 So whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on Angel's wing to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever, &c.
Reign with Christ in endless day!

DOXOLOGIES.

I.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thanks, praiſe, and glory be;
As was, and is, and ſhall be ſtill
To all eternity.

II.

To God in perſons Three,
All glory be therefore;
As in beginning was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

III.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praiſe amidſt the heav'nly hoſt,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures drew their breath,
By whom redemption bleſs'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

IV.

Praiſe God, from whom all bleſſings flow;
Praiſe him, all creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, ye heav'nly hoſt;
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

V.

Sing we to our God above
Praiſe eternal as his love;
Praiſe him, all ye heav'nly hoſt;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN CCCLXIII.

READING HYMNS.

The relative duties.

1 CHRISTIANS in your ſev'ral ſtations,
Dutiful to all relations,
Give to each his proper due:
Let not their unkind behaviour
Make you diſobey your Saviour,
His command's the rule for you.

2 Parents, be to children tender;
Children, full obedience render
To your parents in the LORD:
Never slight, nor disrespect them;
Nor thro' pride, when old, reject them;
'Tis the precept of the word.

3 Wives, to husbands yield subjection;
Husbands, with a kind affection
Cherish, as yourselves, your wives.
Masters, rule with moderation,
Sway'd by justice, not by passion,
To the scriptures square your lives.

4 Servants, serve your masters truly;
Not unfaithful nor unruly,
To the good—nor to the bad;
Not refusing what you're bidden;
Nor replying when you're chidden;
'Tis the ordinance of GOD.

5 This shall solve th' important question,
Whether thou'rt a real christian,
Better than each golden dream:
Better far than lip-expression,
Tow'ring notions, great profession,
This shall shew your love to him.

HYMN CCCLXIV.

1 I ASK'D the LORD that I might grow
In faith and love, and ev'ry grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray;
And he, I trust, has answer'd pray'r;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour,
At once, he'd grant me my request;
And by his love's constraining pow'r
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

4 Inſtead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Aſſault my ſoul in ev'ry part.

5 Yea more, with his own hand he ſeem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe,
Croſs'd all the fair deſigns I ſchem'd,
Blaſted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 Lord! why is this? I trembling cry'd:
Wilt thou purſue thy worm to death?
'Tis in this way, the Lord reply'd,
I anſwer pray'r for grace and faith.

7 Theſe inward trials I employ
From ſelf and pride to ſet thee free,
And break thy ſchemes of worldly joy,
That thou may'ſt ſeek thy all in me.

HYMN CCCLXV.

True and false zeal.

1 ZEAL is that pure and heav'nly flame
The fire of love ſupplies;
But that which often bears the name,
Is ſelf in a diſguiſe.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear:
The falſe is headſtrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the chriſtian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But ſelf contends for names and forms,
Its party to increaſe.

4 Zeal has attain'd its higheſt aim,
Its wiſh is ſatisfy'd,
If ſinners love the Saviour's name,
Nor ſeeks it ought beſide.

5 But ſelf, however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view;
And ſays, as boaſting Jehu cry'd;
"Come ſee what I can do!"

6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the beſt applauſe will gain
When JESUS ſhall appear.

7 Dear LORD! the idol ſelf dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be ſhewn,
But that which ſprings from love.

HYMN CCCLXVI.

THE DECEITFULNESS OF SIN.

1 SIN has a thouſand treach'rous arts
To practiſe on the mind,
With flatt'ring looks ſhe tempts our hearts,
But leaves a ſting behind.

2 With names of virtue ſhe deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedleſs wretch believes,
She makes his fetters ſtrong.

3 She pleads for all the joys ſhe brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the ſoul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to ſenſe.

4 So on a tree divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poiſon there,
And tainted all her blood.

HYMN CCCLXVII.

THE POWER OF FAITH.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliſs,
And ſaves me from its ſnares;
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,
And ſoftens all my cares:

2 Extinguiſhes the thirſt of ſin,
And lights the ſacred fire
Of love to GOD and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure deſire.

3 The wounded conſcience knows its pow'r
The healing balm to give:
That balm the ſaddeſt heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celeſtial worlds,
Where deathleſs pleaſures reign;
And bids me ſeek my portion there,
Nor bids me ſeek in vain.

5 Shews me the precious promiſe, ſeal'd
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to reſt
Upon a faithful GOD.

6 There, there unſhaken would I reſt,
Till this vile body dies;
And then on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory riſe.

HYMN CCCLXVIII.

EVERY CREATURE AT GOD'S COMMAND.

1 ELIJAH's example declares,
Whatever diſtreſs may betide,
The ſaints may commit all their cares
To him who will always provide.
When rain long withheld from the earth
Occaſion'd a famine of bread,
The prophet, ſecur'd from the dearth,
By ravens was conſtantly fed.

2 More likely to rob than to feed,
Were ravens who live upon prey;
But where the LORD's people have need,
His goodneſs will find out a way.
This inſtance, to thoſe may ſeem ſtrange,
Who know not how faith can prevail;
But ſooner all nature ſhall change,
Than one of GOD's promiſes fail.

3 Nor is it a ſingular caſe;
The wonder is often renew'd;
And many may ſay to GOD's praiſe,
By ravens he ſendeth them food.
Thus worldlings, tho' ravens indeed,
Tho' greedy and ſelfiſh their mind,
If GOD has a ſervant to feed,
Againſt their own wills can be kind.

4 Thus Satan, the raven unclean,
That croaks in the ears of the ſaints,
O'er rul'd by a power unſeen,
Adminiſters oft to their wants:
GOD teaches them how to find food
From all the temptations they feel:
This raven who thirſts for my blood,
Has help'd me to many a meal.

5 How ſafe and how happy are they
Who on the good Shepherd rely!
He'll give them out ſtrength for their day,
Their wants he will ſurely ſupply.
He ravens and lions can tame;
All creatures obey his command:
Then let me rejoice in his name,
And leave all my cares in his hand.

HYMN CCCLXIX.

1 'TIS not too arduous an eſſay,
To tread reſolv'd the goſpel way;
The ſenſual inſtinct to control,
And warm with purer fire the ſoul.
Nature may raiſe her fleſhly ſtrife,
Reluctant to the heav'nly life;
Loath in a Saviour's death to ſhare,
Her daily croſs compell'd to bear:
But grace omnipotent at length,
Shall arm the ſaint with ſaving ſtrength;
Thro' the ſharp war with aids attend,
And his long conflict ſweetly end.

2 Act but the infant's gentle part;
Give up to love thy willing heart:
No fondeſt parent's melting breaſt
Yearns, like thy God's, to make thee bleſt:
Taught its dear mother ſoon to know,
The tendereſt babe his love can ſhow.
Bid thy baſe ſervile fear retire;
This taſk no labour will require.

3 The ſov'reign Father, good and kind,
Wants but to have his child reſign'd:
Wants but thy yielded heart (no more!)
With his large gifts of grace to ſtore.
He to thy ſoul no anguiſh brings,
From thy own ſtubborn will it ſprings:
That foe but crucify (thy bane!)
Nought ſhalt thou know of frowns or pain.

4 Shake from thy ſoul o'erwhelm'd, depreſt,
Th' encumb'ring load that galls her reſt;
That waſtes her ſtrength in bondage vain:—
With courage break the inſlaving chain.
Let pray'r exert its conqu'ring pow'r;
Cry in thy tempted trembling hour,
"My God, my Father! ſave thy ſon!"—
'Tis heard,—and all thy fears are done.

5 Yet if (more earneſt plaints to raiſe)
Thy God a while his aid delays,
Tho' you don't now his kind hand feel,
Thy grief let lenient patience heal.
Or if corruption's ſtrength prevail,
And oft thy pilgrim footſteps fail;
Pray for his grace with louder cries,
So ſhalt thou cleans'd and ſtronger riſe.

6 If haply ſtill thy mental ſhade,
Dark as the midnight gloom be made,
On the ſure faithful arm divine
Firm let thy fall'ning truſt recline.
The gentleſt fire, the beſt of friends,
To thee now love, nor harm intends:

'Tho' toſt on a tempeſtuous main,
No wreck thy veſſel ſhall ſuſtain,
Should there remain of reſcuing grace
No glimps, no footſtep left to trace:
Hear thy Lord's voice:—'tis Jeſus' will,
" Believe (thou poor dark pilgrim) ſtill."

7 Then thy ſad night of terrors paſt,
(Tho' the dread ſeaſon long may laſt,)
Sweet light ſhall, from the tranquil ſkies,
Like a fair dawn before thee riſe.
Then ſhall thy faith's bright grounds appear,
Thy eyes ſhall view ſalvation clear.
Be hence encourag'd more when try'd,
On the beſt Father to confide.
Ah! from thy mind extirpate quite
The ſickly films that cloud her ſight:
See! of how rich a lot, how bleſt,
The true believer ſtands poſſeſt!

8 Come, backward ſoul! to God reſign;
Peace, his beſt bleſſing, ſhall be thine!
Boldly recumbent on his care,
Caſt thy felt burthens only there.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

HYMN CCCLXX.

1 COME, deſcend, O heavenly Spirit,
Fan each ſpark into a flame;
Bleſſings let us now inherit,
Bleſſings that we cannot name:
Whilſt Hoſannas we are ſinging,
May our hearts in rapture move,
Feel new grace in them ſtill ſpringing,
Breathe the air of pureſt love.

2 Let us ſail in grace's ocean,
Float on that unbounded ſea,
Guided into pure devotion,
Kept from paths of error free:
On thy heav'nly manna feeding,
Screen'd from ev'ry envious foe;
Love, O love for ſinners bleeding,
All for thee we wou'd forego.

3 Keep us, LORD, ſtill in communion,
Daily nearer drawn to thee;
Sinking in the ſweeteſt union
Of that heart-felt myſtery:
Keep us ſafe from each deluſion,
Well protected from all harms;
Free from ſin, and all confuſion,
Circle us within thine arms.

HYMN CCCLXXI. To Jesus Christ.

1 JESU, Jesu, King of saints,
Known to thee are all my wants;
Self-convicted, self-abhorr'd,
I approach thee, dearest Lord.

2 Known to thee, whose eyes are flame,
I thy love and pity claim;
With an eye of love look down,
Help, Lord, help me, very soon.

3 Still I feel a fleshly part,
Much corruption in my heart;
Oh! I'm very vile indeed,
Of thy blood I sure have need.

4 Break, O break this heart of stone;
Form it for thy use alone;
Bid each vanity depart,
Build thy temple in my heart.

5 This be my support in need,
That thou did'st so freely bleed;
Hence my hopes and joys arise,
From thy bloody sacrifice.

6 This confirms me when I'm weak,
Comforts me when I am sick;
Gives me courage when I faint,
Well supplies my ev'ry want.

7 Saviour, to my heart be near,
Exercise the shepherd's care;
Guard my weakness by thy grace,
Let me feel a constant peace.

HYMN CCCLXXII.

CHRIST THE BELIEVER'S ALL.

1 LAMB of God, we fall before thee,
Humbly truſting in thy croſs;
That alone be all our glory,
All things elſe are dung and droſs.
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Only ſource of all that's good:
Ev'ry grace, and ev'ry favour
Come to us thro' JESU's blood.

2 JESUS gives us true repentance
By his Spirit ſent from heav'n;
JESUS whiſpers this ſweet ſentence,
"Son, thy ſins are all forgiv'n;"
Faith he gives us to believe it;
Grateful hearts his love to prize;
Want we wiſdom? he muſt give it;
Hearing ears, and ſeeing eyes.

3 JESUS gives us pure affections,
Wills to do what he requires;
Makes us follow his directions,
And what he commands, inſpires.
All our pray'rs, and all our praiſes,
Rightly offer'd in his name,
He that dictates them is JESUS;
He that anſwers, is the ſame.

4 When we live on JESU's merit,
Then we worſhip GOD aright;
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Then we ſavingly unite.
This the whole concluſion of it,
Great or good whate'er we call;
GOD, or King, or Prieſt or Prophet,
JESUS CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL.

HYMN CCCLXXIII.

Resting under the Cross.

1 CHILDREN of Israel, see what shade
The cross does us afford;
It was for weary trav'lers made;
We thank thee for it, Lord.

2 Here let us sit, and all prepare
To sing his worthy fame;
Who to redeem us sojourn'd here,
Christ Jesus is his name.

3 We sing thy suff'rings, wounds, and blood,
The virtue of thy pain:
We sing thy griefs, thou dying God,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain.

4 We hail thee, thou by Jews revil'd;
To thee we bow the knee;
Hail! very God, the promis'd child,
The prophets sung of thee.

5 While others praise an unknown God,
We each will sing of thee;
Jesus has wash'd me in his blood,
And liv'd, and dy'd for me.

HYMN CCCLXXIV.

CHRIST'S LOVE UNIVERSAL.

1 THE Saviour's love once truly known,
The man of ſin, and ſelf pulls down;
Humbles the ſinner at his feet,
And makes his wounds and paſſion ſweet.

2 Bow'd down in ſhame we gladly own
The work to be the LORD's alone;
To him our very all we owe,
What of ourſelves, or GOD, we know.

3 Our works no longer then we praiſe,
Nothing extol but JESU's grace;
Free and unmerited we prove
The boundleſs height and depth of love.

4 While thus we learn the needful part,
Shame fills, love warms the grateful heart;
While on his ſuff'ring form we muſe,
Our cares, and very thoughts we loſe.

5 We ſtand amaz'd, and wonder why
The Saviour cou'd for ſinners die;
We bluſh to ſee him in his blood;
Yet here we look, and drop our load.

6 Then, O my ſoul, how canſt thou be
So cold to him, who dy'd for thee?
All bleſſings from the croſs proceed,
Look there, my ſoul, in all thy need.

HYMN CCCLXXV.

GOD ALL IN ALL.

1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee, I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy ſhining grace can chear
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradiſe when thou art here,
If thou depart 'tis hell.

3 The ſmilings of thy face,
How lovely, LORD, they are!
'Tis heav'n to reſt in thine embrace,
And no where elſe but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliſs;
They ſit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where JESUS is.

5 Nor earth, nor all the ſky,
Can one delight afford;
No not one drop of real joy,
Without thy preſence, LORD.

6 Be thou the ſea of love,
Where all my pleaſures roll;
The circle where my paſſions move,
And center of my ſoul.

7 To thee my ſpirits fly,
With fulneſs of deſire;
Yet very far from thee I lie,
LORD JESUS, raiſe me higher.

HYMN CCCLXXVI. Exulting in Christ.

1 THE deſpiſed Nazarene,
Who is chief in my eſteem;
Mark'd with ſcourges, nails and ſpear,
Hung an enſign in the air.

2 None among the ſons of men,
None among the heav'nly train,
Can with my belov'd compare,
Who to me is ever dear.

3 Had I Gabriel's heav'nly tongue,
He ſhould ever be my ſong;
Object of my preſent bliſs,
Subject of my future praiſe.

4 Raviſh'd I'm beyond degree,
While I view him on the tree;
All his wounds and bruiſes are
To my ſoul exceeding fair.

5 Other lovers I deſpiſe;
Mine is gone beyond the ſkies:
Earthly things are far too mean
To divert me from the Lamb.

6 How my Lord ſhall I ſet forth
All thy dignity and worth!
Human words cannot expreſs
Half thy love, or half thy praiſe.

7 From thy fulneſs me ſupply
Of thy grace to teſtify,
Let my fellow creatures prove
What is taſted in thy love.

8 Soul and body ſink with ſhame,
While I thee, my Saviour, name;
Soul and body Lord ſet free
In the goſpel-liberty.

HYMN CCCLXXVII. JUDGMENT.

1 LO! he cometh, countleſs trumpets
Blow before the bloody ſign;
'Midſt ten thouſand ſaints and angels,
See the Crucified Shine.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb!

2 Now his merit by the harpers
Thro' th' eternal deep reſounds;
Now reſplendent ſhine his nail-prints,
Ev'ry eye ſhall ſee his wounds:
They who pierc'd him, they who pierc'd him,
they who pierc'd him,
Shall at his appearance wail.

3 Ev'ry iſland, ſea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth ſhall flee away;
All who hate him, muſt, aſhamed,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment, come to judgment, come
to judgment,
Stand before the Son of man.

4 Saints who love him, view his glory,
Shining in his bruiſed face,
His dear perſon on the rainbow,
Now his peoples head ſhall raiſe:
Happy mourners, happy mourners, happy
mourners,
Lo! in clouds, he comes, he comes!

5 Now redemption, long expected,
See in ſolemn pomp appear;
All his people, once rejected,
Now ſhall meet him in the air;
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Now the promis'd kingdom's come.

6 View him ſmiling, now determin'd
Ev'ry evil to deſtroy;
All the nations now ſhall ſing him
Songs of everlaſting joy:
O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, LORD, come.

HYMN CCCLXXVIII.

MAY the grace of CHRIST, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundleſs love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Reſt upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And poſſeſs, in ſweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

FINIS.

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